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OPEN SESAME!

POETRY AND PROSE FOR SCHOOL-DAYS.

EDITED BY

BLANCHE WILDER BELLAMY

AND

MAUD WILDER GOODWIN.

Volume III.

ARRANGED FOR STUDENTS OVER FOURTEEN YEARS OLD.

BOSTON, U.S.A.:
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OPEN SESAME

IS DEDICATED TO

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PREFACE.

THE third volume of "OPEN SESAME: Poetry and Prose for School-days" completes the series, and represents many phases of literature, dramatic and narrative, epic and lyric, political and domestic.

Among the selections are many of the recognized masterpieces of the language; — Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," called by Emerson "the high-water mark which the intellect of the age has reached"; "The Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," which Coleridge admired so much as to appropriate and Anglicize it from the work of a German girl, and "Kubla Khan," his own dream; Blanco White's "Sonnet to Night," dear to Wordsworth's heart, and called by Coleridge the greatest sonnet in the English language; many specimens of Shakespeare and Milton, and fragments from Spenser, "the poet's poet."

Other selections have a secondary interest, like the "Lost Leader," of Browning, which, rumor says, hints at Wordsworth as a traitor to the Liberal cause; or the humorous-pathetic words of Jane Welsh Carlyle, which give a picture of genius at home, behind the doors of Craigenputtock; while boys will be interested to find the work of others young like themselves, —

"Thanatopsis," written by Bryant at twenty-three; the sonnets of the youthful Keats; extracts from the journal of Longfellow, just out of college; and "Spartacus to the Gladiators," written by Elijah Kellogg as a junior declamation.

Great conflicts in legend and history, from the Trojan War to the Franco-Prussian struggle, are recalled in the poetry and eloquence elicited by them. The war of the American Rebellion is still so recent that selections from its literature are difficult; but Sidney Lanier, Timrod, and Grady speak for the South, as do Lincoln, Lowell, and Edward Everett for the North, and their country claims the honor of them all.

These are hints only of what may be found in a study of these volumes. If they develop the love of literature and the habit of storing it in the memory, they will have attained their object and justified their title by offering as food for the mind what Ruskin calls "Bread made of that old, enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors not of Robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries."

BLANCHE WILDER BELLAMY,
MAUD WILDER GOODWIN,
Editors.

OCTOBER, 1890.

THE Editors extend their cordial thanks to the following Publishers and Authors whose generous co-operation has made the collection possible, and whose contributions appear in this volume: —

To Messrs. Gottsberger & Co., for poems by Rose Terry Cooke; to Messrs. Fords, Howard, and Hulbert, for selections from the writings of Henry Ward Beecher; and to Messrs. Scribner & Co., for poems by Sidney Lanier.

To Reverend Phillips Brooks, Reverend John W. Chadwick, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; to Mr. George William Curtis, Mr. Walt Whitman, Mr. Joaquin Miller, Mr. John Hay, Mr. Will H. Thompson, Mr. John Fiske, and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson; and to the literary executors of Miss Emma Lazarus, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, Mr. Anson Burlingame, and Mr. Henry W. Grady.

Selections from the writings of Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, and Story, are published by business arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

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SENTIMENT AND STORY.

"IL PENSEROSO." MICHELE ANGELO BUONARROTI. FLORENCE

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

SENTIMENT AND STORY.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

GEORGE ELIOT.

OH, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues!
So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.

Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better — saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love —
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

COURAGE!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,
  The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
  And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
  It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
  And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
  But westward, look, the land is bright!

EACH AND ALL.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee, from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;

The sexton, tolling his bell at noon
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one —
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder-bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam —
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.

At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone —
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said: "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole —
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim,
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn,
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours,
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood,
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it with their daily food,
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's waters freely press
Those things which give it bitterness,

Nor prize its colored waters less;
For in thy darkness and distress
Fresh light and strength they give.

And he who has not learned to know,
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light,
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be too for light, for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm — the struggle — the relief —
Then sleep we side by side.

THE NOBLY BORN.

ANONYMOUS.

WHO counts himself as nobly born
  Is noble in despite of place.
And honors are but brands, to one
  Who wears them not with nature's grace.

Then, be thou peasant, be thou peer,
  Count it still more thou art thine own;
Stand on a larger heraldry
  Than that of nation or of zone.

What though not bid to knightly halls?
  Those halls have missed a courtly guest;
That mansion is not privileged,
  Which is not open to the best.

Give honor due when custom asks,
  Nor wrangle for this lesser claim:
It is not to be destitute,
  To have the thing without the name.

Then dost thou come of gentle blood,
  Disgrace not thy good company:
If lowly born, so bear thyself
  That gentle blood may come of thee.

Strive not with pain to scale the height
  Of some fair garden's petty wall,
But climb the open mountain's side,
  Whose summit rises over all.

ARISTOCRACY.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

A HIGH CLASS without duties to do, is like a tree planted on precipices: from the roots of which all the earth has crumbled. Nature owns no man who is not a martyr withal. Is there a man who pretends to live luxuriously housed up, screened from all work, from want, danger, hardship, the victory over which is what we name work, — he himself to sit serene, amid down-bolsters and appliances, and have all his work and battling done by other men? And such man calls himself a *noble*-man? His fathers worked for him, he says, or successfully gambled for him: here *he* sits, professes not in sorrow but in pride that he and his have done no work time out of mind.

What is the meaning of nobleness, if this be *noble?* In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men; fronting the peril which frightens back all the others; which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns. The Pagan Hercules, why was he accounted a hero? Because he had slain Nemean Lions, cleansed Augean Stables, undergone Twelve Labors, only not too heavy for a god.

In modern, as in ancient and all societies, the Aristocracy, they that assume the functions of an Aristocracy, doing them or not, have taken the post of honor,

which is the post of difficulty, — the post of danger, — of death, if the difficulty be not overcome. *Il faut payer de sa vie?* Why was our life given us if not that we should manfully give it? Descend, O Do-nothing Pomp; quit thy down-cushions; expose thyself to learn what wretches feel and how to cure it!

EMILY BRONTÉ'S LAST HYMN.

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere.
I see Heaven's glories shine
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life that in me has rest
As I — undying life — have power in thee.

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity:
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,

Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou — thou art Being and Breath,
And what thou art may never be destroyed.

CARCASSONNE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN GUSTAVE NADAUD. TRANSLATION OF J. R. THOMPSON.

I'M growing old; I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain:
I see full well that, here below,
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know.
I shall not look on Carcassonne, —
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

You see the city from the hill;
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it, one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,

And to return as many more, —
  Ah, had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store, —
  I shall not look on Carcassonne, —
    I shall not look on Carcassonne!

Our vicar's right; he says that we
  Are ever wayward, dull, and blind:
He tells us in his homily,
  Ambition ruins all mankind.
Yet could I there three days have spent
  While still the Autumn sweetly shone, —
Ah me, I could have died content
  When I had looked on Carcassonne, —
    When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Forgive me, Father, I implore
  In this, my prayer, if I offend!
One something sees that's just before
  From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, — our little boy, Aignan,
  Have travelled even to Narbonne, —
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
  And I have not seen Carcassonne!
    And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux
  A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I, "with you
  I'll go upon this pilgrimage."

We left next morning his abode,
  But, heaven forgive him! half way on
The old man died upon the road,—
  He never looked on Carcassonne.
    Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward, unto souls afar,
Along the psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,
A little dust, to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O man, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers' heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed, in such a rest to keep;
But angels say — and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is *heard* —
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap, —

Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who "giveth His beloved sleep!"

And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

THANATOPSIS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—

Earth, and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice, — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. — The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings, — yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep, — the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest, — and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe and the gray headed man
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare:
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth:
But yet I know where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!
Ye blesséd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling,
On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,—
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,—
He sees it in his joy.
The youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pygmy size!
See where mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnéd art, —
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral, —
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his humorous stage
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live;
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —
    Not for these I raise
    The song of thanks and praise;
  But for these obstinate questionings
  Of sense and outward things,
  Fallings from us, vanishings,
  Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
    But for those first affections,
    Those shadowy recollections,
  Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
  Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
        To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
        Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
  Hence, in a season of calm weather,
    Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight;
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower, —
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

O, YET WE TRUST.

ALFRED TENNYSON. EXTRACT.

O YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
  I can but trust that good shall fall
  At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
  An infant crying in the night:
  An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

DUTIES OF THE SCHOLAR.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source therefore of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abelard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect

than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanized* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With St. Augustine, they said: "Let us not leave Thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as Thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness: let the children of Thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth. Mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed and a new arises: the night is spent; the day is come forth; and Thou shalt send forth laborers into Thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when Thou shalt send forth new laborers to new seed-times whereof the harvest is not yet."

POWER.

JOHN RUSKIN.

MIGHTY of heart, mighty of mind — "*magnanimous!*" — to be this is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly is indeed to "advance in life," in life itself — not in the trappings of it.

Do you remember that old Scythian custom when

the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress and set in his chariot and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you in plain words as it *is* offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive.

Suppose the offer were this: "You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify; your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you; but day by day your body shall be dressed more gaily and set in higher chariots, and have more honors on its breast — crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout around it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their table's head all the night long; your soul shall stay enough with it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown — edge on the skull — no more."

Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp it in its fulness of honor. Every man accepts it who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honor, and *not* more personal soul!

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living Peace. And the men who have this life in them are the only true lords and kings of the earth — they, and they only!

GIFTS.

EMMA LAZARUS.

"OH, World-God, give me wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavished Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street.
His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined,
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"Oh, World-God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine-race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"Oh, World-God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride.
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed Code.
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home.
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"Oh, Godhead, give me Truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted; he became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land.
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour,
Immortal, through the lamp within his hand!

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

THAT man has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic-engine, with all its parts

of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work and spin the gossamers, as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of Art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such a one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his beneficent mother; he as her mouth-piece, her conscious self, her minister, and interpreter!

THE TWO STREAMS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BEHOLD the rocky wall,
  That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending as they fall
  In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream whose sources run,
  Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca rolling toward the sun
  Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
  But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
  Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will,
  Life's parting stream descends,
And as a moment turns its slender rill,
  Each widening torrent bends, —

From the same cradle's side,
  From the same mother's knee, —
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
  One to the Peaceful Sea!

QUALITY.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

TAKE, ere the bee hath sipped
The courtly, maiden-lipped
And dewy oleander,
And breathe, and dream, and wander,
But ah! take not another,
Lest fragrance, fragrance smother.

What's all your wreathèd wine,
If what I taste of mine
Be pure? The Burgund sun
Reflects as warm in one
Flame-kindled drop as 'twere
The vintage of a year.

Stranger, thy passing word
My leaping heart hath heard;
Its tone makes strangeness end —
This hour thou art my friend
And could not dearer be,
Loved an eternity.

Beauty, or joy, or mirth,
Of all that's best on earth
One is a thousand worth.

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

SIDNEY LANIER.

DEATH, thou'rt a cordial old and rare;
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats and Gautama excellent,
Omar Khayyam and Chaucer bright
And Shakespeare for a king delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt;
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

SHAKESPEARE.

JOHN STERLING.

How little fades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that move a great man's breast!
Though nought of all we saw the grave may spare,
His life pervades the world's impregnate air;
Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our foot-steps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies.

With meaning won from him forever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
His whispered words from many a mother's voice
Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice;
And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.

Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars and deaths of kings —
Of shore and sea, and Nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pass by,
And haunt with living presence, ear, and eye.

And tones from him by other bosoms caught
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought;
And the long sigh, and deep, impassioned thrill
Rouse custom's trance and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land, more his than ours,
He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers.

And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!
O boundless heart kept fresh by pity's dews.
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!
For each dim oracle of mantled time!

Transcendent form of man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of impulse, thought, and deed!
Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be,
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine
Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. EXTRACT.

Of Florence and of Beatrice
  Servant and singer from of old,
  O'er Dante's heart in youth had tolled
The knell that gave his lady peace;
  And now in manhood flew the dart
  Wherewith his city pierced his heart.

Yet if his lady's home above
  Was heaven, on earth she filled his soul;
  And if his city held control
To cast the body forth to rove,
  The soul could soar from earth's vain throng,
  And heaven and hell fulfil the song.

Follow his feet's appointed way, —
  But little light we find that clears
  The darkness of the exiled years.
Follow his spirit's journey, — nay,
  What fires are blent, what winds are blown
  On paths his feet may tread alone?

Yet of the twofold life he led
  In chainless thought and fettered will
  Some glimpses reach us, — somewhat still
Of the steep stairs and bitter bread, —
  Of the soul's quest whose stern avow
  For years had made him haggard now.

Alas! the sacred song whereto
  Both heaven and earth had set their hand
  Not only at fame's gate did stand
Knocking to claim the passage through,
  But toiled to ope that heavier door
  Which Florence shut forevermore.

Shall not his birth's baptismal town
  One last high presage yet fulfil,
  And at that font in Florence still
His forehead take the laurel-crown?
  O God! or shall dead souls deny
  The undying soul its prophecy?

Ay, 'tis their hour. Not yet forgot
  The bitter words he spoke that day
  When for some great charge far away
Her rulers his acceptance sought;

"And if I go, who stays?" so rose
His scorn; "and if I stay, who goes?"

"Lo! thou art gone now, and we stay,"
The curled lips mutter; "and no star
Is from thy mortal path so far
As streets where childhood knew the way.
To heaven and hell thy feet may win,
But thine own house they come not in."

Therefore, the loftier rose the song
To touch the secret things of God,
The deeper pierced the hate that trod
On base men's track who wrought the wrong;
Till the soul's effluence came to be
Its own exceeding agony.

Arriving only to depart,
From court to court, from land to land,
Like flame within the naked hand
His body bore his burning heart,
That still on Florence strove to bring
God's fire for a burnt-offering.

LIFE AND DEATH.

OMAR KHAYYAM. TRANSLATION OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. EXTRACTS.

THE worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes — or it prospers; and anon
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

Think, in the battered Carravanserai,
Whose portals are alternate night and day
  How sultan after sultan with his pomp
Abode his destined hour and went his way.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
  That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

Alike for those who for to-day prepare,
And those that after some to-morrow stare,
  A Muezzin in the tower of darkness cries
"Fools, your reward is neither here nor there!"

So, when the angel of the darker drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
  And offering his cup, invite your soul
Forth to your lips to quaff — you shall not shrink.

Why, if the soul can fling the dust aside,
And naked on the air of heaven ride,
  Were't not a shame — were't not a shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

'Tis but a tent where takes his one-day's rest
A sultan to the realm of death addrest;
  The sultan rises and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes and prepares it for another guest.

ALBERT THE GOOD.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

INDEED He seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
"Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spoke no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only and who clave to her—"
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone:
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself.
And in what limits and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot: for where is he,
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than his?
Or how should England dreaming of *his* sons
Hope more for these than some inheritance

Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor —
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day —
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes of rivalries and peace —
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

PRINCES.

JOHN RUSKIN.

IT is wholly inconceivable to me how princes who ought to be of all gentlemen the gentlest, and of all noblemen the most generous, and whose title of royalty means only their function of doing every man *right* — how these, I say, throughout history, should so rarely pronounce themselves on the side of the poor and of justice, but continually maintain themselves and their own interests by oppression of the poor and by wresting of justice; and how this should be accepted as so natural that the word *loyalty* which means faithfulness to law is used as if it were only the duty of a people to be loyal to their king and not the duty of a king to be infinitely more faithful to his people.

How comes it to pass that a captain will die with

his passengers, and lean over the gunwale to give the parting boat its course, but that a king will not usually die with, much less *for* his passengers, — thinks it rather incumbent upon his passengers in any number to die for *him?* Think I beseech you of the wonder of this! The sea-captain, not captain by divine right, but only by company's appointment, — not a man of royal descent but only a plebeian who can steer, — not with the eyes of the world upon him, but with feeble chance, depending on one poor boat, of his name being ever heard above the wash of the fatal waves, — not with the cause of a nation resting on his act, but helpless to save so much as a child from among the lost crowd with whom he resolves to be lost, — yet goes down quietly to his grave rather than break his faith to these few emigrants. But your captain by divine right, — your captain with the hues of a hundred shields of kings upon his breast, — your captain whose every deed, brave or base, will be illuminated or branded forever before the unescapable eyes of men, — your captain whose every thought and act are beneficent or fatal from sunrising to setting, blessing as the sunshine, or shadowing as the night, — this captain, as you find him in history, for the most part thinks only how he may tax his passengers and sit at ease in his state-cabin.

And yet, how long have we allowed the historian to speak of the extent of the calamity a man causes as a just ground for his pride? and to extol him as the greatest prince who is only the centre of the widest error! All power, properly so called, is wise and

benevolent. There may be capacity in a drifting fire-ship to destroy a fleet; there may be venom enough in a dead body to infect a nation; — but which of you, the most ambitious, would desire a drifting kingship robed in consuming fire, or a poison-dipped sceptre whose touch was mortal? There is no true potency but that of help, nor true ambition but ambition to save!

THE LADY.

JOHN RUSKIN.

IT is now long since women arrogated universally a title which once belonged to nobility only, and, having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted upon the privilege of assuming the title of Lady, which properly corresponds to that of Lord. I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies with a train of vassals. Be it so: you can not be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves, who serve and feed *you;* and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted — not oppressed: whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

Have you ever considered what a deep under-meaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think

most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet?—that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have instead to walk on bitter herbs and thorns, and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended that they should believe: there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them!

SAINT SYMPHORIEN.

[Led out to Martyrdom: his mother speaking from the wall.]

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

SYMPHORIEN! Symphorien
Look up! the heavens are parting wide.
He waits for thee — the Crucified.
The pain is short, the palm is near,
Look up! O God! he cannot hear.
Symphorien, Symphorien!
Where is my voice? My breath is gone!
Symphorien! My son, my son!
Ah — look! his clear eyes turn to me;
His firm, sweet, smiling lips I see.
God will be good to thee and me,
Symphorien!

Dear Lord, how long I prayed for him
With trembling tongue, and vision dim:
For baby hands about my breast;
For baby kisses on it pressed!
Thou heardest me: — this is the rest!
Symphorien! Symphorien!

My child, my boy, it is not much,
Only a sharp and sudden touch.
Think on the Master — not on me:
Remember His long agony.
The lictors will be merciful;
The headsman's axe will not be dull!
Only one moment — then for thee
The raptures of eternity,
Symphorien!

My baby! O, my baby boy!
A miracle of life and joy;
A rosy, careless, dimpled thing.
And now dear Lord, be comforting! —
Martyr and Saint. Let be, let be!
He must not know this agony.
Through my heart, too, the sword hath gone.
Be silent, lest he hear me groan!
Symphorien, Symphorien!
One last, long look: O saint! my child,
My boy, my own! — he turned and smiled.
And now behind the crowd of spears,
The whirling dust, — he disappears.
Symphorien!

Martyr and Saint! You think I care?
Oh, fools and blind, I am his mother!
What, bless the Lord and turn to prayer?
He is my child — I have no other.
No hands to clasp, no lips to kiss.
Who talks to me of heaven's bliss?
Symphorien! Symphorien!
Come back! Come back! Deny the Lord!
Traitor? Who hissed that burning word?
I did not say it. God, be just!
I did not keep him; I am dust.
The flesh rebels. I am his mother.
Thou didst not give me any other.
Thine only Son? — but I am human.
Art Thou not God? I am a woman.
Symphorien! Symphorien!
Come back!

SAINT BRANDAN.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SAINT BRANDAN sails the northern main;
The brotherhood of saints are glad.
He greets them once, he sails again;
So late! — such storms! — the Saint is mad!

He heard, across the howling seas,
Chime convent-bells on wintry nights;
He saw, on spray-swept Hebrides,
Twinkle the monastery lights:

But north, still north, Saint Brandan steered —
  And now no bells, no convents more!
The hurtling Polar lights are neared
  The sea without a human shore.

At last — (it was the Christmas night;
  Stars shone after a day of storm) —
He sees float past an iceberg white,
  And on it — Christ! — a living form!

That furtive mien, that scowling eye,
  Of hair that red and tufted fell —
It is — oh, where shall Brandan fly? —
  The traitor Judas, out of hell.

Palsied with terror, Brandan sate;
  The moon was bright, the iceberg near.
He hears a voice sigh humbly: "Wait!
  By high permission I am here.

"One moment wait, thou holy man!
  On earth my crime, my death they knew:
My name is under all men's ban —
  Ah, tell them of my respite too!

"Tell them, one blessed Christmas night —
  (It was the first after I came
Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,
  To rue my guilt in endless flame)

"I felt, as I in torment lay
  'Mid the souls plagued by heavenly power,

An angel touch mine arm and say:
  '*Go hence and cool thyself an hour!*'

"'Ah, whence this mercy, Lord?' I said.
  '*The leper recollect,*' said he,
'*Who asked the passers-by for aid*
  In Joppa, and thy charity.'

"Then I remembered how I went
  In Joppa through the public street,
One morn when the sirocco spent
  Its storms of dust with burning heat;

"And in the street a leper sate
  Shivering with fever, naked, old:
Sand raked his sores from heel to pate,
  The hot wind fevered him five fold.

"He gazed upon me as I passed,
  And murmured: '*Help me or I die!*' —
To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,
  Saw him look eased, and hurried by.

"Oh, Brandan, think what grace divine,
  What blessing must full goodness shower
When fragment of it, small, like mine,
  Hath such inestimable power!

"Well fed, well clothed, well friended, I
  Did that chance act of good, that one!
Then went my way to kill and lie —
  Forgot my good as soon as done.

"That germ of kindness in the womb
Of mercy caught, did not expire:
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,
And friends me in the pit of fire.

"Once every year, when carols wake
On earth the Christmas night's repose,
Arising from the sinners' lake,
I journey to these healing snows.

"I stanch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain.
O Brandan! to this hour of rest
That Joppan leper's ease was pain."

Tears started to Saint Brandan's eyes;
He bowed his head, he breathed a prayer—
Then looked, and lo, the frosty skies!
The iceberg, and no Judas there!

SONNET: ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

JOHN KEATS.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ADONAIS.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HERE pause: these graves are all too young as yet
  To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
  Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
  Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
  Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
  Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
  Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
  Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
  Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,

Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
  Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
  A light is past from the revolving year,
  And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
  The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the Universe,
  That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
  Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
  Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
  Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
  Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
  Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
  The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
  Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

HESTER.

CHARLES LAMB.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
That flushed her spirit;

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call,—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was trained in Nature's school—
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes, a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day—
A bliss that would not go away—
A sweet forewarning?

LUCY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see,

Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round;
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell:
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

So Nature spoke; the work was done;
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been
And nevermore shall be.

KILVANY.

JOHN HAY.

THE song of Kilvany. Fairest she
In all the land of Savatthe.
She had one child, as sweet and gay,
As dear to her as the light of day.

She was so young and he so fair,
The same bright eyes, and the same dark hair.
To see them by the blossomy way,
They seemed two children at their play.

There came a death-dart from the sky,
Kilvany saw her darling die.
The glimmering shades his eye invades,
Out of his cheeks the red bloom fades;
His warm heart feels the icy chill,
The round limbs shudder and are still;
And yet Kilvany held him fast
Long after life's last pulse was past;
As if her kisses could restore
The smile gone out forevermore.

But when she saw her child was dead
She scattered ashes on her head,
And seized the small corpse, pale and sweet,
And rushing wildly through the street,
She sobbing fell at Buddha's feet.

"Master! all helpful! help me now;
Here at thy feet I humbly bow;
Have mercy Buddha! help me now!"
She grovelled on the marble floor,
And kissed the dead child o'er and o'er,
And suddenly upon the air,
There fell the answer to her prayer;
"Bring me to-night a Lotus tied
With thread from a house where none has died."

She rose and laughed with thankful joy,
Sure that the god would save the boy.
She found a Lotus by the stream;
She plucked it from its noonday gleam;
And then from door to door she fared,
To ask what house by death was spared.
Her heart grew cold to see the eyes
Of all dilate in slow surprise;
"Kilvany, thou hast lost thy head;
Nothing can help a child that's dead.

"There stands not by the Ganges side
A house where none hath ever died."
Thus through the long and weary day,
From every door she bore away
Within her heart, and on her arm,
A heavier load, a deeper harm.
By gates of gold and ivory,
By wattled huts of poverty,
The same refrain heard poor Kilvany,
"The living are few, the dead are many."

The evening came so still and fleet,
And overtook her hurrying feet,
And heart-sick by the sacred fane
She fell and prayed the god again,
She sobbed and beat her bursting breast;
"Ah, thou hast mocked me! Mightiest!
Lo! I have wandered far and wide —
There stands no house where none hath died."

And Buddha answered in a tone,
Soft as a flute at twilight blown,
But grand as heaven, and strong as death,
To him who hears with ears of faith;

"Child, thou art answered! Murmur not!
Bow, and accept the common lot!"

Kilvany heard with reverence meet,
And laid her child at Buddha's feet.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE FAITHS.

PHILLIPS BROOKS. ARRANGED.

"ACHILLES ponders in his tent,
The kings of modern thought are dumb,
Silent they are, though not content,
And wait to see the future come."
Silent, while years engrave the brow;
Silent, the best are silent now.

We all feel certainly a disposition of the best and deepest part of us to share this silence, to be still and wait. It is the natural symptom of a time that is not sure how much of the past is good and not sure what there is waiting in the future; a time and men "wandering between two worlds; one dead, the other powerless to be born."

I do not certainly say that such a time is best, though really in my heart I do not think the world has ever seen a better. There must be better ones to come.

The story of the world is not told yet. "We are ancients of the earth and in the morning of the times." How in a time like this can a man live and get the best out of it, and at the same time shun its worst? In all the uncertainty and change it is the true man's place to find what there is that is permanent and certain, and to cling to that. In other sorts of times men do not distinguish between what is lasting and what is transitory. All seems fixed together. Ice and rock alike are solid. In times like these, when the ice breaks up, the rocks stand out solid and strong among the loosened waves. It is a time to find out what is sure and certain and eternal.

"DOST THOU LOOK BACK?"

ALFRED TENNYSON. EXTRACT.

DOST thou look back on what hath been,
  As some divinely gifted man
  Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village-green?

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
  And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
  And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
  And lives to clutch the golden keys,
  To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
  Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
  The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
  When all his active powers are still,
  A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream.

The limit of his narrower fate,
  While yet beside its vocal springs,
  He played at counsellors and kings
With one who was his earliest mate.

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
  And reaps the labor of his hands,
  Or in the furrow musing stand—
"Does my old friend remember me?"

HOW GOOD ARE THE POOR.

VICTOR HUGO. TRANSLATION OF H. W. ALEXANDER. ABRIDGED.

'TIS night—within the close-shut cabin door
  The room is wrapped in shade, save where there fall
Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,
  And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest,
  A few white dishes glimmer; in the shade

Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains dressed,
  And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long, low mattress lie —
  A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams.
In the high chimney the last embers die,
  And redden the dark room with crimson gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and pale with fear,
  She prays alone, hearing the billows shout;
While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,
  The ominous old ocean sobs without.

Poor wives of fishers! Ah! 'tis sad to say
  "Our sons, our husbands, all that we love best,
Our hearts, our souls, are on those waves away,
  Those ravening wolves that know not ruth, nor rest.

"Terrible fear! we seek the pebbly shore,
  Cry to the rising billows, 'Bring them home.'
Alas! what answer gives their troubled roar
  To the dark thoughts that haunt us as we roam?"

* * * * * * *

The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge
  As she sat pensive, touching broken chords
Of half remorseful thought, while the hoarse surge
  Howled a sad concert to her broken words.

"Ah! my poor husband! We had five before.
  Already so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.
  What was that noise? His step? Ah no! the wind.

"That I should be afraid of him I love!
  I have done ill. If he should beat me now
I would not blame him. Does not the door move?
  Not yet, poor man!" She sits, with careful brow,
Wrapped in her inward grief; nor hears the roar
  Of wind and waves that dash against his prow
Or the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets
  Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,
And the good fisher, dragging his damp nets,
  Stands on the threshold, with a joyful cheer.

"'Tis thou!" she cries, and eager as a lover,
  Leaps up and holds her husband to her breast;
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover;
  "'Tis I, good wife!" and his broad face expressed

How gay his heart that Janet's love made light.
  "What weather was it?" "Hard." "Your fishing?"
    "Bad.
The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night,
  But I embrace thee and my heart is light.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew;
  I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line.
And once I thought the bark was broken too;
  What did you all the night long, Janet mine?"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, "I!
  Oh, naught — I sewed, I watched, I was afraid.

The waves were loud as thunder from the sky,
  But it is over." Shyly then she said: —

"Our neighbor died last night; it must have been
  When you were gone. She left two little ones,
So small, so frail — William and Madeleine;
  The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast
  His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea,
Muttered awhile and scratched his head — at last:
  "We have five children, this makes seven," said he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep
  Sometimes without our supper. Now! Ah well —
'Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep;
  It was the good God's will. I cannot tell.

"Why did He take the mother from those scraps
  No bigger than my fist? 'Tis hard to read.
A learned man might understand perhaps —
  So little, they can neither work nor need.

"Go fetch them, wife; they will be frightened sore,
  If with the dead alone they waken thus.
That was the mother knocking at our door,
  And we must take the children home to us.

"Brother and sister shall they be to ours,
  And they will learn to climb my knee at even.
When He shall see these strangers in our bowers,
  More fish, more food will give the God of Heaven.

"I will work harder; I will drink no wine —
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger, dear?
Not thus are wont to move those feet of thine."
She drew the curtain, saying, "*They are here!*"

RUTH.

THOMAS HOOD.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened; — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell —
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim; —
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. EXTRACT.

PERCEIV'ST thou not the change of day?
  Ah! carry back thy ken.
What, some two thousand years! Survey
  The world as it was then!

Like ours it looked in outward air;
  Its head was clear and true;
Sumptuous its clothing, rich its fare,
  No pause its action knew;

Stout was its arm, each thew and bone
  Seemed puissant and alive —
But ah! its heart, its heart was stone,
  And so it could not thrive!

On that hard Pagan world disgust
  And secret loathing fell.
Deep weariness and sated lust
  Made human life a hell.

In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
  The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad in furious guise
  Along the Appian way.

He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
  And crowned his hair with flowers —
No easier nor no quicker passed
  The impracticable hours.

The brooding East with awe beheld
  Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swelled and swelled,
  And on her head was hurled.

The East bowed low before the blast
  In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
  And plunged in thought again.

So well she mused, a morning broke
  Across her spirit gray;
A conquering, new-born joy awoke
  And filled her life with day.

"Poor world," she cried, "so deep accurst
  That run'st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst —
  Go, seek it in thy soul!"

She heard it, the victorious West,
  In crown and sword arrayed!
She felt the void which mined her breast,
  She shivered, and obeyed.

She veiled her eagles, snapped her sword,
  And laid her sceptre down;
Her stately purple she abhorred,
  And her imperial crown.

She broke her flutes, she stopped her sports,
  Her artists could not please;

She tore her books, she shut her courts,
  She fled her palaces.

Lust of the eye and pride of life
  She left it all behind,
And hurried, torn with inward strife,
  The wilderness to find.

Tears washed the trouble from her face;
  She changed into a child.
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood, — a place
  Of ruin, — but she smiled.

THE INFLUENCE OF ATHENS.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

ALL the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them: inspiring, encouraging, consoling; — by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the

studies that took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty,—liberty in bondage,—health in sickness,—society in solitude? Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,— there is exhibited in its noblest form. the immortal influence of Athens.

PRAYER.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

I HAVE seen a lark rise from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconsistent, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the vibration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man.

AFTER DEATH.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

FAITHFUL friends! *It* lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this —
"*I* am not the thing you kiss:
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not 'I.'"

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last bed of the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed;
Love the inmate, not the room;
The weaver, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye:
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.

'Tis an empty sea-shell — one
Out of which the pearl has gone:
The shell is broken — it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see,
Of unfilled felicity —
In enlarging paradise —
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept;

Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain —
Sunshine still must follow rain —
Only not at death; for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou Love divine! Thou Love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap—
Each in his narrow cell forever laid—
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
  How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour:
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting-breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll.
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
  With incense kindled at the Muses' flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
  Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
  "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
  To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
  That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
  And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
  Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
  Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
  Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
  Slow through the churchway path I saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
  Graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
  A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
  And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
  Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had — a tear;
  He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

KUBLA KHAN.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground

With walls and towers were girdled round,
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that chasm deep which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover,
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast, thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion,
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult, Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices, prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the cave.

It was a miracle of rare device
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, "Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

ON HIS FRIENDS.

MESKIN ALDARAMY. TRANSLATION OF JOHN D. CARLYLE.

WITH conscious pride I view the band
Of faithful friends that round me stand,
With pride exult that I alone
Can join these scattered gems in one;

For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

'Tis mine their inmost souls to see!
Unlocked is every heart to me,
To me they cling; in me they rest
And I've a place in every breast;
For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

To the Right Honorable, The Earl of Chesterfield.

MY LORD:—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of "The World" that two papers in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself "*le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*";—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it.

When I had once addressed your lordship in public I had exhausted all the art of pleasing that a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Three years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in "Virgil" grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing to a patron that which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be pos-

sible, with less; for I have long been wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exaltation.

My lord, your lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

ALEXANDER POPE.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
  Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
  To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
  Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
  When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
  Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
  To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
  Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quickened by thy breath;

O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
  All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,
  And let thy will be done!

To thee, whose temple is all space,—
  Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,—
One chorus let all beings raise!
  All Nature's incense rise!

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

L'ALLEGRO.

JOHN MILTON.

COME, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn,
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singing blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;

And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tamed haycock in the mead.
  Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail.
Then to spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched, and pulled, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblet sweat
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thrashed the corn,
That ten day laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering wind soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumbers on a bed

Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

THE DEMEANOR OF BOOKS.

JOHN MILTON.

IT is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth: and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose

to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

JOHN MILTON.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which 'twere death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke they serve him best; his state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

LAW.

RICHARD HOOKER.

OF Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in Heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power: both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

MEMORY.

THOMAS FULLER.

OVERBURDEN not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave! Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method! One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles than when it lies untowardly flapping and

hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardeled up are more portable.

Abuse not thy memory to be sin's register, nor make advantage thereof for wickedness!

TRUTH.

JOHN MILTON.

THOUGH all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new life which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, when, as we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, "to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures," early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute!

When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all

objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiership is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room and do not bind her when she sleeps.

SATAN.

JOHN MILTON. PARADISE LOST. EXTRACT.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence: and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven, and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:
"Powers and dominions, deities of Heaven;
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,

I give not heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader; next, free choice,
With what besides in counsel or in fight
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss
Thus far at least recovered hath much more
Established in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greater share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence, none whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and, by what best way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak."

IS THIS A DAGGER?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. MACBETH. EXTRACT.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee: —
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw,
Thou marshallst me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing!
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*]
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me;
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

IF 'TWERE DONE WHEN 'TIS DONE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. MACBETH. EXTRACT.

If 'twere done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time —
We'd jump the life to come. — But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itsel',
And falls on the other.

PORTIA TO SHYLOCK.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. MERCHANT OF VENICE. EXTRACT.

THE quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea.
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

THE PILGRIM.

WALTER RALEIGH. EXTRACT.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory (hope's true gauge),
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given,
Whilst my soul, like quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill;
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then, by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh, like me.

TO SLEEP.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts, Despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. HAMLET. EXTRACT.

To be, or not to be, that is the question;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die, — to sleep, —
No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, — to sleep: —
To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death, —
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, — puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

STUDIES.

FRANCIS BACON.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness, and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience — for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts

made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books: else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need of a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

SIR LANCELOT.

SIR THOMAS MALLORY.

AH, Sir Lancelot, there thou liest; thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever stroke with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eat in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.

SWEET IS THE ROSE.

EDMUND SPENSER.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;
So, every sweet with sour is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easy things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

AT COURT.

EDMUND SPENSER.

FULL little knowest thou that hast not tried
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To loose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;

To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy hearte through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

THE KNIGHT.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To riden out, he lovéd chivalrie,
Trouthe, and honòur, freedom, and courtoisie.
Full worthy was he in his lordés werre,
And thereto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As well in Christendom as in Heathenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthynesse.
At Alisaundre he was when it was wonne.
Full oftetime he had the bord bigonne
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettow hadde he reysèd and in Russe
No Christen man so oft of his degree.
In Gernade at the seege else hadde he be
Of Algesir and ridden in Belmarye.
At Lyes was he and at Satalie
When they were wonne and in the Greaté Sea.
At many a noble army hadde he be,
At mortal batailles hadde he been fifteen,
And foughten for oure feith at Tramyssene,
In lystes thries and ay slain his foo.

This ilke worthy knight hadde been also
Sometymé with the lord of Palatye,
Agayn another hethen in Turkye;
And everemoore he had a sovereign poise.
And though that he were worthy he was wys,
And of his port as meeke as is a mayde
He nevere yet no vileynye he sayde
In all his lyfe unto no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit, gentil knight.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

IT must be so. — Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! — thou pleasing dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us, —
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud

Through all her works, — He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures, — this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to my end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

PLATO'S APOLOGY FOR SOCRATES.

PLATO. TRANSLATION ANONYMOUS. EXTRACTS.

I.

BUT some one perhaps may say: "Are you not ashamed, Socrates, of having followed a pursuit on account of which you are now in danger of being put to death?" To such an one I might with good reason reply: "You say not well, my friend, if you think that a man who is good for anything at all ought to take into account the chances of living or dying, and not rather, when undertaking anything, to consider only

whether it be right or wrong and whether the work of a good or of a bad man. Why, according to your opinion, all the heroes who fell at Troy would be but sorry fellows, and especially the son of Thetis, who set danger at naught in comparison with enduring any disgrace; so that when his mother, who was a goddess, addressed him, all eager to slay Hector, in words I think somewhat to this effect, 'If thou, my son, avenge the death of thy companion, Patroclus, and slay Hector, thou thyself must die, for thy own fate awaits thee straightway after Hector'; he, having heard the prophecy, made light of death and danger, dreading far more than these the disgrace of living as a coward who had not avenged his friend. 'Let death come straightway,' he said, 'after I have punished the wrong-doer, so that I remain not here by the beaked ships, a laughing-stock and a useless burden of the earth.' Do you suppose that he thought of death and danger?"

II.

But you too, O judges! it behooves to be of good hope about death, and to believe that this at least is true, — there can no evil befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead, nor are his affairs uncared for by the gods. Neither has this thing happened to me by chance, for I am persuaded that to die now and be released from worldly affairs is best for me, and that this is why the sign did not turn me back.

Wherefore I bear no malice at all against my accusers or against those who have condemned me; but as

it was not with this idea, but rather with the intent to do me injury, that they accused and voted against me, it is right that they should be blamed.

This favor, nevertheless, I ask of them: When my sons are grown up, avenge yourselves, fellow-citizens, upon them by tormenting them just as I have tormented you, if they appear to care for riches, or for anything else, above virtue; and if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, then reproach them as I have reproached you, with not caring for what they ought, and with thinking themselves to be something when they are worth nothing at all.

If you do this I shall have received justice at your hands, — I as well as my sons. But now it is time for us to go away, I to die, you to live. Which of us is going to the better fate is unknown to all save God.

ART AND NATURE.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

ART AND NATURE.

THE COLISEUM.

LORD BYRON.

I DO remember me that in my youth
When I was wandering — upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's walls
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees that grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bow-shot, — where the Cæsars dwelt
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth; —
But the gladiator's bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!

MORNING IN LONDON.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair,—
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

VENICE.

LORD BYRON.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising from her tiara of proud towers,
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear;
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget that Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

TO THE LION OF ST. MARK.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

I KNOW you, Lion of Gray St. Mark;
You fluttered the seas beneath your wing,
Were King of the seas with never a King.
Now over the deep and up in the dark,
High over the girdles of bright gas-light,
And crouching as if about to spring

From top of your granite of Africa, —
Say, what shall be said of you some day?

What shall be said, O grim St. Mark,
Savage old beast so crossed and churled,
By the after men from the under world?
What shall be said as they search along,
And sail these seas for some sign or spark
Of the old dead fires of the dear old days,
When men and story have gone their ways,
Or even your city and name from song?

Why, sullen old monarch of stilled St. Mark,
Strange men of the West, wise-mouthed and strong,
Will come some day, and gazing long
And mute with wonder, will say of thee:
"This is the Saint! High over the dark,
Foot on the Bible, and great teeth bare,
Tail whipped back, and teeth in the air,
Lo! this is the Saint, and none but he."

SAN MINIATO.

JOHN STERLING.

WHILE slow on Miniato's height I roam,
And backward look to Brunelleschi's dome,
'Tis strange to think that here on many a day
Old Michael Angelo has paced his way:
And watching Florence, in his bosom found
A nobler world than that which lies around.

To him, perhaps, the ghost of Dante came
At sunset, with his pride of mournful fame.
By me the twain, the bard and sculptor, stand,
With strong lip gazing and uplifted hand:
The great, the sad, fighters in ages past,
With their full peace fill e'en the weak at last.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wert blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!
  Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
  Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink, —
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, — wake, oh, wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
  And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast,—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! Thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest like a vapory cloud

To rise before me, — Rise, oh, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

THE BASTILLE AND THE STARLING.

LAURENCE STERNE.

THE Bastille — the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastille is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. But with pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I vauntingly. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true the Bastille is not an evil to be despised. But strip it of its towers — fill up the fosse — unbarricade the door — call it simply a confinement — the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy by

a voice which I took to be that of a child which complained it could not get out. I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out. In my return I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird. "God help thee!" said I; but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned the cage to get the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis pressed his breast against it as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling, "I can't get out—I can't get out!"

Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to Nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille, and I heavily walked up stairs unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery," said I, "thou art a bitter draught, and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis *thou*, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, *Liberty*, whom all, in public and in private, worship, whose taste is grateful and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change!"

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old;
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold
Beneath me, as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown
My kindred and companions. Me alone
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.
I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago
The final wars of Ghibeline and Guelph.
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

MELROSE BY MOONLIGHT.

WALTER SCOTT.

IF thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;

When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair!

ON THE PICTURE OF THE LAST SUPPER, AT MILAN.

WILLIAM W. STORY. EXTRACTS.

Padre Bandelli to the Duke Ludovico Sforza about Leonardo da Vinci.

Two steps, your Highness, — let me go before,
And let some light down this dark corridor, —
Ser Leonardo keeps the only key
To the main entrance here so jealously,
That we must creep in at this secret door
If we his great Cenacolo would see.

The work shows talent, — that I must confess;
The heads, too, are expressive, every one;
But, with his idling and fastidiousness,
I fear his picture never will be done.

* * * * * * *

'Tis twenty months since first upon the wall
This Leonardo smoothed his plaster,—then
He spent two months ere he began to scrawl
His figures, which were scarcely outlined, when
Some new fit seized him, and he spoilt them all.
As he began the first month that he came,
So he went on, month after month the same.
At times, when he had worked from morn to night
For weeks and weeks on some apostle's head,
In one hour, as it were from sudden spite,
He'd wipe it out.
A word from your most gracious lips, I feel,
Would greatly quicken Ser Leonardo's zeal,
And we should soon see o'er our daily board,
The Judas finished, and our blessed Lord.

Leonardo da Vinci addresses the Duke in his own defence.

Padre Bandelli, then, complains of me
Because, forsooth, I have not drawn a line
Upon the Saviour's head; perhaps, then, he
Could without trouble paint that head divine.
But think, O Signor Duca, what should be
The pure perfection of our Saviour's face,—
What sorrowing majesty, what noble grace,
At that dread moment when he brake the bread,
And those submissive words of pathos said,
"By one among you I shall be betrayed,"
And say if 'tis an easy task to find,

Even among the best that walk this earth,
The fitting type of that divinest worth,
That has its image solely in the mind.
Vainly my pencil struggles to express
The sorrowing grandeur of such holiness.
In patient thought, in ever-seeking prayer,
I strive to shape that glorious face within,
But the soul's mirror, dulled and dimmed by sin,
Reflects not yet the perfect image there.
Can the hand do before the soul has wrought?
Is not our art the servant of our thought?
In facile natures fancies quickly grow,
But such quick fancies have but little root.
Soon the narcissus flowers and dies, but slow
The tree whose blossoms shall mature to fruit.
Grace is a moment's happy feeling, Power
A life's slow growth; and we for many an hour
Must strain and toil, and wait and weep, if we
The perfect fruit of all we are would see.

Therefore I wait. Within my earnest thought
For years upon this picture I have wrought,
Yet still it is not ripe; I dare not paint
Till all is ordered and matured within.
Hand-work and head-work have an earthly taint;
But when the soul commands I shall begin.

LINES ON A PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, CALLED "THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS."

CHARLES LAMB.

WHILE young John runs to greet
The greater infant's feet,
The mother standing by with trembling passion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging mystic play and pretty adoration;
Nor knows as yet the full event
Of these so low beginnings,
From whence we date our winnings;
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites and what that strange child-worship meant.

But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy—
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonders should ensue,
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sovereign schemes and divine riddles there.

THE ESCURIAL.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. TRANSLATION OF CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

SET as a challenge at the mountain's side,
Afar the dark Escurial is descried.
Three hundred feet from earth uplifting thus
On its colossal shoulder firmly braced,
Huge elephant, the cupola defaced,
Granite debauch of Spain's Tiberius.

Old Pharaoh built not for his mummy's tomb
On mountain-side a thing of greater gloom;
The desert's sphinx hath seen no more unrest.
In chimney-tops the stork is sleeping now,
Through all the abandoned courts the grasses grow
Of monks, priests, soldiers, courtiers, dispossessed

All would seem dead, but that from everything,
Niche, cornice, fronton, hand of sculptured king,
The flocks of swallows constant flutter keep,
With their wild merriment and charming cries;
Teasing, with flapping wings to ope his eyes,
This drowsy giant of eternal sleep.

ODE TO A GRECIAN URN.

JOHN KEATS.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
  Thou foster-child of silence and slow time!
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme;

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities, or mortals, or of both,
  In Tempe or the vales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggles to escape?
  What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore ye soft pipes, play on —
Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor even can those trees be bare;
  Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss
Though winning near the goal, yet do not grieve —
  She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And happy melodist, unwearied,
  Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! More happy, happy love!
  Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
  That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
  To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
  Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of her folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
  Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, will e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed!
  Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity! Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
  Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth, beauty, — that is all
  Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know!"

GREECE.

LORD BYRON.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),

And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And — but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath.

THE ANTIQUE AT PARIS.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

WHAT the Greek wrought, the vaunting Frank may gain,
And waft the pomp of Hellas to the Seine.

His proud museums may with marble groan,
And Gallia gape on glories not her own;
But ever silent in the ungenial halls
Shall stand the statues on their pedestals.
By him alone the Muses are possessed
Who warms them from the marble — at his breast;
Bright, to the Greek from stone each goddess grew;
Vandals! each goddess is but stone to you!

DESCRIPTION OF THE VENUS OF MILO.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. EXTRACTS.

I SHALL come and live in the Louvre, I think. I feel as if I never want to go away. I had not been ten minutes in the place before I fell in love with the most beautiful creature the world has ever seen. She was standing, silent and majestic, in the centre of one of the rooms of the statue gallery, and the very first glimpse of her struck one breathless with a sense of her beauty. I could not see the color of her eyes and hair exactly, but the latter is light, and the eyes, I should think, are gray. Her complexion is of a beautiful warm marble tinge. She is not a clever woman, evidently; I do not think she laughs or talks much — she seems too lazy to do more than smile. She is only beautiful.

This divine creature has lost her arms, which have been cut off at the shoulders, but she looks none the less lovely for the accident. She may be some two and thirty years old, and she was born two thousand years ago.

Her name is the Venus of Milo. O Victrix! O lucky Paris! How could he give the apple to any else but this enslaver, — this joy of gods and men? at whose benign presence the flowers spring up, and the smiling ocean sparkles, and the soft skies beam with serene light! . . .

O thou generous Venus! O thou beautiful, bountiful calm! At thy soft feet let me kneel on cushions of Tyrian purple!

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on those lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
Nothing besides remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

TO A SKYLARK.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine!
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
  That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
  From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

FISHER SONG.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HURRAH! the seaward breezes
  Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
  Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber landsman
  The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
  The breath of heaven shall speed.

Now, brothers, for the ice-bergs
  Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine
  Along the low, black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
  On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murre are flying
  Like black scud, overhead.

Hurrah! for the Red Island
  With the white cross on its crown!
Hurrah! for Meccatina,
  With its mountains bare and brown!

Where the caribou's tall antlers
  O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
And the footstep of the Mickmack
  Has no sound upon the moss.

Though the mist upon our jackets
  In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
  From off the frozen reels;
Though the fog be dark around us,
  And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind
  And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,
  On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us
  And beneath us is his hand!
Death will find us soon or later
  On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
  Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah! — hurrah! — the west wind
  Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling;
  Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
  To the dull earth like a weed,
The stars of heaven shall guide us
  The breath of heaven shall speed!

TO NIGHT.

BLANCO WHITE.

MYSTERIOUS night! When our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of that great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened on man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
While fly and leaf and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can so deceive, wherefore not life?

TO A SWALLOW BUILDING UNDER THE EAVES AT CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

THOU, too, hast travelled, little fluttering thing,
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou, too, must rest.
But much, my little bird, could'st thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou likest so well
To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight,
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;
And strange thy taste,
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye,
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky,
To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee? was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt here secure?
Ah no, thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not—of all God's creatures, man
Alone is poor.

What was it then? Some mystic turn of thought
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak.
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and main,
Nor more need'st seek!

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care

Whether a desert or an Eden be
Thy home, so thou remain'st alive and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird! may thy small nest
With little ones, all in good time be blest!
I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I — oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!

THE WILLOW.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

O WILLOW, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?

The Spring makes haste with step elate
Your life and beauty to renew;
She even bids the roses wait,
And gives her first sweet care to you.

The welcome redbreast folds his wing,
To pour for you his freshest strain;
To you the earliest bluebirds sing,
Till all your light stems thrill again.

The sunshine drapes your limbs with light,
The rain braids diamonds in your hair,

The breeze makes love to you at night
  But still you droop and still despair.

Beneath your boughs, at fall of dew,
  By lover's lips is softly told
The tale that, all the ages through,
  Has kept the world from growing old.

But still, though April's buds unfold,
  Or Summer sets the earth aleaf,
Or Autumn pranks your robes with gold,
  You sway and sigh in graceful grief.

Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
  And keep thy secret, faithful tree;
No heart in all the world can hold
  A sweeter grace than constancy!

FOLDING OF THE FLOCKS.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a string of crystal beads.

See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from underground;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapors fly apace,
And hover o'er the smiling face
Of these pastures; where they come
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his lovéd flock.
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty, thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
So shall you good shepherds prove
And deserve your master's love.
Now, good night! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids. So farewell!
Thus I end my evening knell.

THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
  There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
  By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
  From these our interviews; in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
  To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean — roll!
  Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
  Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
  A shadow of man's ravage, save his own;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
  He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
  Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarch's tremble in their capitals, —
  The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
  Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys; and, as the snowy flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow; —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

LOYALTY AND HEROISM.

CAMP AND COUNCIL-HALL.

PORTRAIT HEAD OF JULIUS CAESAR.

LOYALTY AND HEROISM. — CAMP AND COUNCIL-HALL.

NATIONS AND HUMANITY.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

IT was not his olive valleys and orange groves which made the Greece of the Greek; it was not for his apple orchards or potato fields that the farmer of New England and New York left his plough in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol.

So with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears. So, Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that duty demands, perishes untimely with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely, and fallen bravely, for that unseen mistress,

their country. So, through all history to the end, that army must still march, and fight, and fall.

But countries and families are but nurseries and influences. A man is a father, a brother, a German, a Roman, an American; but beneath all these relations, he is a man. The end of his human destiny is not to be the best German, or the best Roman, or the best father, but the best man he can be.

History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race; and that all nations work together toward one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where luxury lures away heroism as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

But still the march proceeds, — slowly, slowly over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crimes, advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals. The man faints, and falls, and dies, and is forgotten; but still mankind moves on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion, — love of freedom and love of God, — are in the foremost

vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us rulers look, and learn justice, while they tremble; to us the nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the Old World are our teachers.

Our faith is in God and the Right, and God himself is, we believe, our Guide and Leader. Though darkness sometimes shadows our national sky, though confusion comes from error, and success breeds corruption, yet will the storm pass in God's good time, and in clearer sky and purer atmosphere our national life grow stronger and nobler, sanctified more and more, consecrated to God and liberty by the martyrs who fall in the strife for the just and true.

And so, with our individual hearts strong in love for our principles, strong in faith in our God, shall the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

HEROES.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

THE winds that once the Argo bore
Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,
And her hull is the drift of the deep sea floor,
Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.

You may seek her crew in every isle,
Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,
But out of their sleep no charm can wile
Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's voice is heard no more
By windy Ilium's sea-built walls;
From the washing wave and the lonely shore
No wail goes up as Hector falls.
On Ida's mount is the shining snow,
But Jove has gone from its brow away,
And red on the plain the poppies grow
Where Greek and Trojan fought that day.

Mother Earth! Are thy heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught,
Mother Earth! Are thy heroes gone?

Gone? — in a nobler form they rise;
Dead? — we may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their glorious eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done,
There are the souls of our heroes stirred;
Wherever a field for truth is won,
There are our heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than Greek or Trojan ever trod;
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above them the smile of God!
So, in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may dream the years away,
But the heroes live, and the skies are bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. At the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have constantly been called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted

altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war, seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects by negotiation.

Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war while government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces.

But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both should not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his

own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must be that offences come; but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh."

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on, to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wound; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

WILL H. THOMPSON, AN EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs, —
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say,
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.

They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. EXTRACT.

REPUBLICAN institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined.

Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington; and your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of

spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy. Dead, *dead*, DEAD, he yet speaketh.

Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome!

Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes its echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, O Illinois! we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies!

In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

MY CAPTAIN.

WALT WHITMAN. ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But, O heart! heart! heart!
Leave you not the little spot,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up, — for you the flag is flung, — for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, — for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
O Captain! dear father;
This arm I push beneath you;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;

But the ship, the ship, is anchored safe, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shore, and ring, O bells!
But I, with silent tread,
Walk the spot my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD. EXTRACTS.

THE slave system is one of constant danger, distrust, suspicion, and watchfulness. It debases those whose toil alone can produce wealth and resources for defence to the lowest degree of which human nature is capable, to guard against mutiny and insurrection, and thus wastes energies which otherwise might be employed in national development and aggrandizement.

The free system educates all alike, and by opening all the fields of industrial employment and all the departments of authority to the unchecked and equal rivalry of all classes of men, at once secures universal contentment and brings into the highest possible activity all the physical, moral, and social energies of the whole state.

Hitherto, the two systems have existed in different states, but side by side with the American Union. This has happened because the Union is a confederation of

states. But in another aspect the United States constitute only one nation. Increase of population, which is filling the states out to their very borders, together with a new and extended net-work of railroads, and an internal commerce, which daily becomes more intimate, is rapidly bringing the states into a higher and more perfect social unity. Thus, these antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact, and collision results.

Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation or entirely a free-labor nation.

ODE ON DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

HENRY TIMROD.

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves, —
  Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
  The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth,
  The blossom of your fame is blown.

And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
  The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
  Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
  And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
  Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned!

DEMOCRACY.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I DO not believe in violent changes, nor do I expect them. Things in possession have a very firm grip. One of the strongest cements of society is the conviction of mankind that the state of things into which they are born is part of the order of the universe, as natural, let us say, as that the sun should go round the earth. It is a conviction that they will not surrender except upon compulsion, and a wise society

should look to it that this compulsion be not put upon them.

For the individual man there is no radical cure outside of human nature itself for the evils to which human nature is heir. The rule will always hold good that you must

> "Be your own palace or the world's your gaol."

But for artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere. There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, it endows schools. But all these remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the small-pox with a view to driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and to extirpate the germs. As society is now consolidated, these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem and which it has always believed to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil elements it neglects corrupt these in their springs and pollute them in their courses.

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. The world has outlived much, and will outlive a great deal more. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Sure heal-

ing is not in the storm, or in the whirlwind; it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

HENRY W. GRADY.

YOU of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home? Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and

painful journey. What does he find — let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do — this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plough, and fields that ran red with blood in April were green with the harvest in June; Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suf-

fering; and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

ON THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

JOHN BRIGHT.

IF we are the friends of freedom, personal and political, and we all profess to be so, and most of us more or less are striving after it more completely for our own country, how can we withhold our sympathy from a government and a people amongst whom white men have always been free, and who are now offering an equal freedom to the black? I advise you not to believe in the destruction of the American nation. If facts should happen by any chance to force you to believe it, do not commit the crime of wishing it! I do not blame men who draw different conclusions from mine from the

facts, and who believe that the restoration of the Union is impossible. As the facts lie before our senses, so must we form a judgment on them.

But I blame those men who wish for such a catastrophe. For myself I have never despaired and I will not despair. In the language of one of our old poets who wrote, I think, more than three hundred years ago, I will not despair

> "For I have seen a ship in haven fall,
> After the storm had broke both mast and shroud."

From the very outburst of this great convulsion I have had but one hope and one faith, and it is this, —that the result of this stupendous strife may be to make freedom the heritage forever of a whole continent and that the grandeur and the prosperity of the American Union may never be impaired.

GREATNESS BASED ON MORALITY.

JOHN BRIGHT. EXTRACT.

I BELIEVE there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England who is less likely to speak irreverently of the crown and monarchy of England than I am, but crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire are in

my view all trifles, light as air and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage, and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there, on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it, you have yet to learn the duties of government.

I ask you then to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens.

If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our life-time; but rely upon it the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says: —

> "The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
> Nor yet doth linger."

We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. We know what the past has cost us; we know how much and how far we have wandered, but we are not left without a guide.

It is true we have not, as an ancient people had, Urim and Thummim — those oraculous gems on Aaron's

breast — from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law, to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people.

COMMEMORATION ODE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. EXTRACT.

NOT in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude,
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,
To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that consecrates our brave
Lift the heart and lift the head!
Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an hour
Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
Tis no man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a Nation
Drawing force from all her men,

Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
For her day of need, and then
Pulsing it again through them,
Till the basest can no longer cower
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem,
Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis her dower!
How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?
Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves.
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!
Banners, advance with triumph, bend your staves!
And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent,
Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver: —
"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more;
From her bold front the helm she doth unbind,
Send all her handmaid armies back to spin,
And bid her navies that so lately hurled

Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,
Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmful
shore.
No challenge sends she to the elder world,
That looked askance and hated; a light scorn
Plays on her mouth, as round her mighty knees
She calls her children back, and waits the morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."
Bow down, dear Land, for thou has found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of his ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise!
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

SLAVERY.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WE yield to none in reverence for the past; it is there only that the imagination can find repose and seclusion; there dwells that silent majority whose experience guides our action and whose wisdom shapes our thought in spite of ourselves;—but it is not length of days that can make evil reverend, nor persistence in inconsistency that can give it the power or the claim of precedent. Wrong, though its title-deeds go back to the days of Sodom, is by nature a thing of yesterday, —while the right, of which we became conscious, but an hour ago, is more ancient than the stars, and of the essence of Heaven. That slavery is old, is but its greater condemnation. There is one institution to which we owe our first allegiance, one that is more sacred and venerable than any other,—the soul and conscience of man.

What claim has slavery to immunity from discussion? We are told that discussion is dangerous. Dangerous to what? Truth invites it, courts the point of the Ithuriel-spear whose touch can but reveal more clearly the grace and grandeur of her angelic proportions. Is anything of God's contriving endangered by inquiry? Was it the system of the universe, or the monks, that trembled at the telescope of Galileo? Did the circulation of the firmament stop in terror because Newton laid his daring finger on its pulse? But it is idle to discuss a proposition so monstrous!

There is no right of sanctuary for a crime against humanity, and they who drag an unclean thing to the horns of the altar, bring it to vengeance and not to safety!

LIBERTY IN GOVERNMENT.

JOHN STUART MILL.

A GOVERNMENT cannot have too much of the kind of activity which does not impede, but aids and stimulates individual exertion and development. The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activity and powers of individuals and bodies, it substitutes its own activity for theirs; when, instead of informing, advising, and upon occasion denouncing, it makes them work in fetters, or bids them stand aside and does their work for them. The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a state which postpones the interests of *their* mental expansion and elevation to a little more of administrative skill, or that semblance of it which practice gives in the details of business; a state, which dwarfs its men in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands, even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything, will in the end avail it nothing for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.

FREE SPEECH.

GERRIT SMITH.

MY reason for loving a republican form of government, and for preferring it to any other — to monarchical and despotic governments — is not that it clothes me with rights which these withhold from me, but that it makes fewer encroachments than they do, on the rights which God gave me — on the divinely appointed scope of man's agency. I prefer, in a word, the republican system because it comes up more clearly to God's system.

It is not, then, to the constitutions of my nation and state that I am indebted for the right of free discussion — though I am thankful for the glorious defence with which those instruments surround that right. No; God himself gave me this right; and a sufficient proof that He did so is to be found in the fact that he requires me to exercise it. Take from the men who compose the church of Christ on earth the right of free discussion, and you disable them for His service. They are now the lame, and the dumb, and the blind. In vain is it now that you bid them "hold forth the word of life" — in vain that you bid them "not to suffer sin upon a neighbor, but in any wise to rebuke him" — in vain is it that you bid them "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

If God made me to be one of his instruments for carrying forward the salvation of the world, then is the right of free discussion among my inherent rights; then

may I, must I, speak of sin, any sin, every sin, that comes in my way — any sin, every sin, which it is my duty to search out and to assail. When, therefore, this right is called in question, then is the invasion not of something obtained from human convention and human concession, but the invasion of a birthright — of that which is as old as our being, and a part of the original man.

NATIONAL INJUSTICE.

THEODORE PARKER.

Do you know how empires find their end? Yes; the great states eat up the little: as with fish so with nations. Aye, but how do the *great states* come to an end? By their own injustice and no other cause. Come with me, my friends, come with me into the Inferno of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish dove upon thy emerald crown! What laid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground." O queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen, who troddest the people under thee, bridgedst the Hellespont with ships, and pouredst thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me, and bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my

temple-wasting millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds!" Thou, muse-like Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art, and most seductive song, why liest thou there with the beauteous yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp? "I scorned the law of God; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men; I loved the loveliness of flesh embalmed in Parian stone; I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that in more than Parian speech. But the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod them down to earth! Lo, therefore, have I become as those barbarian states — as one of them!"

Oh, manly, majestic Rome, thy sevenfold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low; for thy Great Book of Law is prefaced with these words, Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right! "It was not the saint's ideal, it was the hypocrite's pretence! I made iniquity my law, I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces, — where thou mayest see the fox and hear the owl, — it fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet counsellors — the flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfall as you see! Go back, and tell the new-born child, who sitteth on the Alleghanies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, a crown of thirty stars above his youthful

brow — tell him there are rights which states must keep, or they shall suffer wrongs. Tell him there is a God who keeps the black man and the white, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks his just, eternal law! Warn the young empire that he come not down dim and dishonored to my shameful tomb! Tell him that Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right. I knew it, broke it, and am lost. Bid him to keep it and be safe!"

DESTINY OF OUR COUNTRY.

JOSEPH STORY.

WE stand the latest, and if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning — simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the device of many products and many means of independence.

The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches or may reach every home. What fairer prospect of success could be pre-

sented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the low sands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north, and moving onward to the south, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not?" Forbid it, my countrymen! forbid it, Heaven!

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be, — resist every object of disunion; resist every encroachment upon your liberties; resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman — the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons

you are — whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in the defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave with the recollection that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

No! I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We who are now assembled here must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look around upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as poetry, exclaim that here is still his country!

KANSAS.

CHARLES SUMNER.

TAKE down your map, sir, and you will find that the territory of Kansas, more than any other region, occupies the middle spot of North America, equally distant from the Atlantic on the east, and the Pacific on the west; from the frozen waters of Hudson's Bay on the

north, and the tepid gulf stream on the south, constituting the precise territorial centre of the whole vast continent. To such advantages of situation, on the very highway between two oceans, are added a soil of unsurpassed richness and a fascinating, undulating beauty of surface, with a health-giving climate, calculated to nurture a powerful and generous people, worthy to be a central pivot of American institutions. A few short months only have passed since this spacious and Mediterranean country was open only to the savage who ran wild in its woods and prairies; and now it has already drawn to its bosom a population of freemen larger than Athens crowded within her historic gates, when her sons under Miltiades won liberty for mankind on the field of Marathon; more than Sparta contained when she ruled Greece, and sent forth her devoted children, quickened by a mother's benediction, to return with their shields or upon them; more than Rome gathered on her seven hills when, under her kings, she commenced that sovereign sway which afterward embraced the whole earth; more than London held, when, in the fields of Crécy and Agincourt, the English banner was carried victoriously over the chivalrous hosts of France.

Against this territory, thus fortunate in position and population, a crime has been committed which is without example in the records of the past. Not in plundered provinces or in the cruelties of selfish governors will you find its parallel: and yet there is an ancient instance which may show, at least, the path of

justice. In the terrible impeachment by which the great Roman orator has blasted through all time the name of Verres, amidst charges of robbery and sacrilege, the enormity which most aroused the indignant voice of his accuser, and which still stands forth with strongest distinctness, arresting the sympathetic indignation of all who read the story is that, away in Sicily, he had scourged a citizen of Rome, — that the cry, "I am a Roman citizen!" had been interposed in vain against the lash of the tyrant governor. Other charges were that he had carried away productions of art, and that he had violated the sacred shrines. It was in the presence of the Roman Senate that this arraignment proceeded; in a temple of the Forum; amidst crowds, — such as no orator had ever before drawn together, — thronging the porticos and colonnades, even clinging to the house-tops and neighboring slopes, and under the anxious gaze of witnesses summoned from the scene of crime.

But an audience grander far — of higher dignity — of more various people and of wider intelligence — the countless multitudes of succeeding generations in every land where eloquence has been studied, or where the Roman name has been recognized, — has listened to the accusation, and throbbed with condemnation of the criminal.

Sir, speaking in an age of light, and a land of constitutional liberty, where the safeguards of elections are justly placed among the highest triumphs of civilization, I fearlessly assert that the wrongs of much-abused

Sicily, thus memorable in history, were small by the side of the wrongs of Kansas, where the very shrines of popular institutions, more sacred than any heathen altar, have been desecrated; where the ballot-box, more precious than any work in ivory or marble from the cunning hand of art, has been plundered; and where the cry "I am an American citizen!" has been interposed in vain against outrage of every kind, even upon life itself. Are you against sacrilege? I present it for your execration. Are you against robbery? I hold it up to your scorn. Are you for the protection of American citizens? I show you how their dearest rights have been cloven down, while a tyrannical usurpation has sought to install itself on their very necks.

CHARLES SUMNER ATTACKED IN THE SENATE.

ANSON BURLINGAME.

HE is my friend. For many and many a year I have looked to him for guidance and light and I never looked in vain. He never had a personal enemy in his life; his character is as pure as the snow that falls on his native hills; his heart overflows with kindness for every being having the upright form of man: he is a ripe scholar, a chivalric gentleman, a warm-hearted and true friend. He sat at the feet of Channing and drank in the sentiments of that noble soul. He bathed in the learning and undying lore of the great jurist, Story, and the hand of Jackson with its honors and its offices sought

him early in life, but he shrank from them with instinctive modesty. Sir, he is the pride of Massachusetts. His mother commonwealth found him adorning the highest walks of literature and law and she bade him go and grace somewhat the rough character of political life. The people of Massachusetts — the old, the young, and the middle-aged, now pay their full homage to the beauty of his public and private character. Such is Charles Sumner.

On the twenty-second day of May, when the Senate and the House had clothed themselves in mourning for a brother fallen in the battle of life in the distant state of Missouri, the senator from Massachusetts sat in the silence of the Senate Chamber engaged in the employments pertaining to his office, when a member from this House, who had taken an oath to sustain the constitution, stole into the Senate, that place which had hitherto been held sacred against violence, and smote him as Cain smote his brother. . . .

One blow was enough, but it did not satiate the wrath of that spirit which had pursued him through two days. Again and again, quicker and faster, fall the leaden blows, until he was torn away from his victim, when the senator from Massachusetts fell, in the arms of his friends, and his blood ran down on the Senate floor.

Sir, the act was brief, and my comments on it shall be brief also. I denounce it in the name of the constitution it violated. I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts which was stricken down by the blow. I denounce it in the name of humanity.

I denounce it in the name of civilization which it outraged. I denounce it in the name of that fair-play which bullies and prize-fighters respect. What! Strike a man when he is pinioned — when he cannot respond to a blow? Call you that chivalry? In what code of honor did you get your authority for that? I do not believe that member has a friend so dear who must not, in his heart of hearts, condemn the act. Even the member himself, if he has left a spark of that chivalry and gallantry attributed to him, must loathe and scorn the act.

God knows I do not wish to speak unkindly or in a spirit of revenge; but I owe it to my manhood and the noble state I in part represent to express my abhorrence of the act.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests im-

mediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the Sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with

civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, — bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as — *What is all this worth?* — nor those other words of delusion and folly — *Liberty first and Union afterwards,* — but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole Heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

EXTRACT.

ABOUT to enter, fellow-citizens, upon the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and, consequently, those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all

nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the state governments in all their rights as the most competent administration for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decision of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our politi-

cal faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But "there's a Divinity that shapes our ends." The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the

power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill, and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

II.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will

then treat with us, which they can never do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestines our independence, than by yielding points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? and, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of a victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us and will carry themselves gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people may have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress from grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of

entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this Declaration at the head of every army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

III.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so! Be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country! But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will

richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exaltation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it, and I leave off as I began, that live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now and Independence forever.

THE INDIAN.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THINK of the country for which the Indians fought! Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from his seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, that

> ——"throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,"

as he looked down, and beheld the lovely scene which

spread beneath at a summer sunset, — the distant hill-tops blazing with gold, the slanting beams streaming across the waters, the broad plains, the island groups, the majestic forest, — could he be blamed, if his heart burned within him, as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control, into the hands of the stranger?

As the river chieftains, — the lords of the water-falls and the mountains, — ranged this lovely valley, can it be wondered at, if they beheld with bitterness the forest disappearing beneath the settler's axe; the fishing-place disturbed by his saw-mills? Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, — the chief of the Pocomtuck Indians, — who should have ascended the summit of the Sugar-loaf Mountain, in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides with which he was advancing into the wilderness, — should fold his arms, and say: —

"White man, there is an eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide, unrestrained, in my bark canoe. By those dashing water-falls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn.

"Stranger! the land is mine. I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few

baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did.

"The stranger came, a timid suppliant, — few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; — and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, 'It is mine.'

"Stranger! there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

"If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west? — the fierce Mohawk — the man-eater — is my foe. Shall I fly to the east? — the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee.

"Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction; for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps: the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle past thee; when thou liest down by night, my knife is at thy throat. The noon-day sun shall not discover thy enemy; and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou

shalt plant in terror; and I will reap in blood: thou shalt sow the earth with corn; and I will strew it with ashes: thou shalt go forth with the sickle; and I will follow after with the scalping-knife: thou shalt build; and I will burn: — till the white man or the Indian perish from the land."

MAGNANIMITY IN POLITICS.

EDMUND BURKE.

A REVENUE from America transmitted hither? Do not delude yourselves! You never can receive it — no, not a shilling! Let the Colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your Government, and they will cling and grapple to you. These are ties which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron. But let it once be understood that your Government may be one thing and their privileges another, — the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened! Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. These things do not make your Government. Dead instruments, passive tools, as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English Constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies, every part of the Empire, even down to the minutest member.

Do you imagine that it is the land tax which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! Surely no! It is the love of the People; it is their attachment to their Government from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of Empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But, to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are, in truth, everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great Empire and little minds go ill together. Let us get an American revenue, as we have got an American Empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be!

ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

EARL OF CHATHAM.

I CANNOT, my lords, I *will not*, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne, in the language of TRUTH. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them — measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt. But yesterday, "and England might have stood against the world — NOW, none so poor to do her reverence." The people we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy; and our ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do: I know their virtue and their valor: I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility.

You cannot, my lords, you CANNOT conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts forever will be vain and impotent; doubly so indeed from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms —NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!

THE ANSWER OF PITT TO WALPOLE.

[From a speech delivered in Parliament replying to one by Walpole in which he slightingly alludes to the youth of Pitt, as reported by Samuel Johnson.]

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny;—but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be im-

puted to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; — but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; — who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; — nor

shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; — nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment — age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, — whoever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

EDMUND BURKE.

MY LORDS, I do not mean now to go further than just to remind your Lordships of this, — that Mr. Hastings's government was one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, of spoliation of the public, and of supersession of the whole system of the English Government, in order to vest in the worst of the natives all the power that could possibly exist in any government;

in order to defeat the ends which all governments ought, in common, to have in view. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here, to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one?—No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community;—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. We commit safely the interests of India

and humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties, he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

THE LOST LEADER.

ROBERT BROWNING.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others, she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
  So much was theirs who so little allowed:

How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
  Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
  Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
  He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering, — not through his presence;
  Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done, while he boasts his quiescence,
  Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
  There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,
  Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him — strike gallantly,
  Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
  Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

HERVÉ RIEL.

ROBERT BROWNING.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "what mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France?
That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this "Formidable" clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word, "Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.

Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank
  Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
  You shall look long enough ere you come to Hèrvé
    Riel.

So for better and for worse
Hervé Riel accept my verse!
In my verse Hervé Riel do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the
    Belle Aurore!

TO THE LORD GENERAL, CROMWELL.

JOHN MILTON.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war. New foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

STRAFFORD'S DEFENCE AGAINST THE CHARGE OF HIGH TREASON.

EXTRACT.

MY LORDS, what is my present misfortune may be forever yours! It is not the smallest part of my grief that not the crime of treason, but my other sins, which are exceeding many, have brought me to this bar; and except your lordships' wisdom provide against it, the shedding of my blood may make way for the tracing out of yours. You, your estates, your posterity, lie at the stake!

For my poor self, if it were not for your Lordships' interest and the interest of a saint in heaven, who hath left me here two pledges on earth, I should never take the pains to keep up this ruinous cottage of mine. It is loaded with such infirmities, that in truth I have no great pleasure to carry it about with me any longer. Nor could I ever leave it at a fitter time than this, when I hope that the better part of the world would perhaps think that by my misfortunes I had given a testimony of my integrity to my God, my King, and my country. I thank God I count not the afflictions of the present life to be compared to that glory which is to be revealed in the time to come!

My Lords! my Lords! my Lords! something more I had intended to say, but my voice and my spirit fail me. Only I do in all humility and submission cast myself down at your Lordships' feet, and desire that I may be a lesson to keep you from shipwreck. Do not put such

rocks in your own way, which no prudence, no circumspection can eschew or satisfy but by your utter ruin.

And so, my Lords, even so, with all tranquillity of mind, I submit myself to your decision. And whether your judgment in my case — I wish it were not the case of you all — be for life or for death, it shall be righteous in my eyes, and shall be received with a *Te Deum laudamus* — we give God the praise!

ON THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES FIRST, AT NIGHT, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

WILLIAM L. BOWLES.

THE castle clock had tolled midnight:
With mattock and with spade —
And silent by the torches' light
His corpse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name; that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secrets should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead!" no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,

As o'er the open grave inclined,
  We murmured, "Dust to dust!"

A moonbeam from the arch's height
  Streamed, as we placed the stone;
The long aisles started into light,
  And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then
  That shook along the walls,
Whilst the sad shades of mailèd men
  Were gazing from the stalls.

'Tis gone. — Again on tombs defaced
  Sits darkness more profound;
And only by the torch we traced
  The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilling, freezing air
  Without blew long and loud;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer
  Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor, —
  No name, no trace appears!
And when we closed the sounding door,
  We thought of him with tears.

THE THREE LIBERTIES.

JOHN PYM.

THE greatest liberty of the Kingdom is religion; thereby we are freed from spiritual evils and no impositions are so grievous as those that are laid upon the soul.

The next great liberty is justice, whereby we are preserved from injuries in our persons and estates; from this is derived into the commonwealth peace, order, and safety, and when this is interrupted confusion and danger are ready to overwhelm all.

The third great liberty consists in the power and privilege of parliaments; for this is the fountain of law, the great council of the Kingdom, the highest court; this is enabled by the legislative and counciliary power to prevent evils to come; by the judiciary power to suppress and remove evils present.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

A STEED, a steed of matchlesse speed!
  A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble hearts is drosse,
  All else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,
  The rowlings of the drum,

The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
  Be soundes from heaven that come;
And O! the thundering presse of knightes
  Whenas their war-cryes swell,
May toll from heaven an angel bright,
  And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte! brave gallants all,
  And don your helmes amaine:
Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call
  Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
  When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
  For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine, and craven wight
  Thus weepe and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
  And hero-like to die!

"THE REVENGE."

A Ballad of the Fleet. Alfred Tennyson.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away;
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God, I am no coward!

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, let us know,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little "Revenge" ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little "Revenge" ran on through the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and laughed.
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft

Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like "San Philip" that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

And while now the great "San Philip" hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great "San Philip," she bethought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen time we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Though his vessel was all but a wreck,
And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still could sting,

So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or shore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said "ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flag-ship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, Old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a cheerful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they manned the "Revenge" with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,

And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

FROM "THE GOLDEN SPEECH" OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

EXTRACT.

To be a King, and wear a crown, is a thing more glorious to them that see it than it is pleasant to them that bear it; for myself, I never was so much enticed with the glorious name of a King, or the royal authority of a Queen, as delighted that God hath made me his instrument to maintain his truth and glory, and to defend this kingdom from dishonor, damage, tyranny, and oppression. But should I ascribe any of these things to myself or my sexly weakness, I were not worthy to live, and of all, most unworthy of the mercies I have received at God's hands; but to God only and wholly all is given and ascribed.

The cares and troubles of a crown I cannot more fitly resemble than to the drugs of a learned physician, perfumed with some aromatical savor, or to bitter

pills, gilded over, by which they are made more acceptable or less offensive, which indeed are bitter and unpleasant to take; and for my own part, were it not for conscience's sake, to discharge the duty that God hath laid upon me, and to maintain his glory, and keep you in safety, in mine own disposition I should be willing to resign the place I hold to any other, and glad to be freed of the glory with the labors; for it is not my desire to live nor to reign longer than my life and reign shall be for your good. And though you have had, and may have, many mightier and wiser princes sitting in this seat, yet you never had, nor shall have, any that will love you better.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER. TRANSLATION OF EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

SHE comes, she comes — the Burden of the Deeps!
  Beneath her wails the Universal Sea!
With clanking chains and a new God, she sweeps,
  And with a thousand thunders, unto thee!
The ocean-castles and the floating hosts —
    Ne'er on their like looked the wild waters! — Well
    May man the monster name "Invincible."
O'er shuddering waves she gathers to thy coasts!
    The honor that she spreads can claim
    Just title to her haughty name.
        The trembling Neptune quails
Under the silent and majestic forms;

The Doom of Worlds in those dark sails;
Near and more near they sweep while slumber all the storms.

Before thee, the array:
Blest Island, Empress of the Sea,
The sea-born squadrons threaten thee,
And thy great heart, Britannia!
Woe to thy people, of their freedom proud —
She rests, a thunder heavy in its cloud!
Who to thy hand the orb and sceptre gave,
That thou shouldst be the sovereign of the nations!
To tyrant kings thou wert thyself the slave
Till Freedom dug from Law its deep foundations;
The mighty chart thy citizens made kings.
And kings to citizens sublimely bowed,
And thou thyself, upon thy realm of water,
Hast thou not rendered millions up to slaughter
When thy ships brought upon their sailing wings
The sceptre — and the shroud?
What shouldst thou thank? Blush, Earth, to hear and feel!
What shouldst thou thank? Thy genius and thy steel!
Behold the hidden and the giant fires!
Behold thy glory trembling to its fall!
Thy coming doom the round earth shall appeal,
And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,
And all free souls their fate in thine foresee —
Theirs is *thy* glory's fall!

One look below the Almighty gave,
Where streamed the lion-flags of thy proud foe;
And near and wider yawned the horrid grave.
"And who," saith He, "shall lay mine England low—
The stem that blooms with hero-deeds—
The rock where man from wrong a refuge needs—
The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain?
Who shall bid England vanish from the main?
Ne'er be this only Eden Freedom knew,
Man's stout defence from Power, to Fate consigned."

God the Almighty blew,
And the Armada went to every wind!

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

LET them come, come never so proudly
O'er the green waves in tall array;
Silver clarions menacing loudly,
"All the Spains" on their pennons gay;
High on deck of their gilded galleys
Our light sailors they scorn below:
We will scatter them, plague and shatter them,
Till their flag hauls down to the foe!
For our oath we swear
By the name we bear
By England's Queen, and England free and fair,
Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death:
God save Elizabeth!

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva
  Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn:
Lords and princes by Philip's favor:
  We by birthright are nobly born!
Freemen born of the blood of freemen,
  Sons of Cressy and Flodden are we:
We shall sunder them, fire and plunder them,
  English boats on the English sea!
    And our oath we swear
    By the name we bear,
By England's Queen, and England free and fair, —
Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death:
    God save Elizabeth!

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,
  Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil, and Brooke,
Hang like wasps by the flagships towered,
  Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak:
Let them range their seven-mile crescent,
  Giant galleons, canvas wide!
Ours will harry them, board and carry them,
  Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride;
    For our oath we swear
    By the name we bear,
By England's Queen, and England free and fair, —
Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death:
    God save Elizabeth!

Has God risen in wrath and scattered,
  Have his tempests smote them in scorn?

Past the Orcades, dumb and tattered,
  'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn?
We were as lions hungry for battle:
  God has made our battle his own!
God has scattered them, sunk and shattered them:
  Give the glory to him alone!
        While our oath we swear
        By the name we bear,
By England's Queen and England free and fair, —
Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death:
        God save Elizabeth!

SPEECH TO THE ARMY AT TILBURY.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

MY LOVING PEOPLE: — We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people.

Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects, and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honor and my blood, even in the dust.

I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king; *and of a king of England, too;* and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonor should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field.

I know already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your conduct in the camp, and by your valor in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people.

HENRY V. AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, — summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon.
Let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height! — On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call fathers did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeoman,
Whose limbs are made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes:
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge,
Cry, "God for Harry, England, and St. George!"

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
  Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
  Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
  In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
  With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
  To the King sending:
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
  Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten,
  Be not amazèd.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
  By fame been raisèd.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
  Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
  Loss to redeem me.

"Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
  No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat
By many a warlike feat
  Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanguard led,
With the main Henry sped,
  Among his henchmen.

Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord! how hot they were
  On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
  To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
  Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
  To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
  Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
  Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
  Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew;
  Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
  Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
  As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
  Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next to the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
  With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
  Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
  Still as they ran up;

Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bear them right doughtily,
  Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
  To England to carry.
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
  Such a King Harry!

THE CROWNING OF ARTHUR.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THERE came to Cameliard,
With Gawain and young Modred, her two sons,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent;
Whom as he could, not as he would, the King
Made the feast for, saying, as they sat at meat,

"A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.
Ye come from Arthur's court. Victor his men
Report him! Yea, but ye, — think ye this king, —
So many those that hate him, and so strong,
So few his knights, however brave they be, —
Hath body enow to hold his foeman down?"

"O King," she cried, "and I will tell thee: few,
Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him;
For I was near him when the savage yells
Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat
Crowned on the dais, and his warriors cried,
'Be thou the king, and we will work thy will
Who love thee.' Then the King in low, deep tones,
And simple words of great authority,
Bound them by so strait vows to his own self,
That when they rose, knighted, from kneeling, some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flushed, and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake and cheered his Table Round
With large divine and comfortable words
Beyond my tongue to tell thee, — I beheld
From eye to eye through all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the King:
And ere it left their faces, through the cross
And those around it and the Crucified,
Down from the casement, over Arthur, smote
Flame-color, vert, and azure, in three rays,
One falling upon each of three fair queens,
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright,
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

"And there I saw mage Merlin, whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the hands

Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

"And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,
Who knows a subtler magic than his own, —
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.
She gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen out: a mist
Of incense curled about her, and her face
Well-nigh was hidden in the minster gloom;
But there was heard among the holy hymns
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world, and when the surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.

"There likewise I beheld Excalibur
Before him at his crowning borne, the sword
That rose from out the bosom of the lake,
And Arthur rowed across and took it, — rich
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eye, — the blade so bright
That men are blinded by it; — on one side,
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,
'Take me;' but turn the blade and ye shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
'Cast me away!' And sad was Arthur's face
Taking it, but old Merlin counselled him,
'Take thou and strike! the time to cast away
Is yet far off.' So this great brand the King
Took, and by this will beat his foemen down.'

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

LEON GAMBETTA. TRANSLATED BY THE EDITORS.

CITIZENS, this is the twenty-first of September. It is seventy-eight years to-day since our fathers founded the Republic and took an oath in face of the foreigner who, by his presence, sullied the sacred soil of the Fatherland, to live free or to die in combating the enemy.

They kept their oath, — they were victorious, and the Republic of seventeen ninety-two has remained in the recollection of men as the symbol of heroism and national grandeur.

Your government installed at the Hotel de Ville amidst cries of "*Vive la Republique*" could not allow this glorious anniversary to pass over without referring to it as a great example for the future.

Let the spirit that fired our ancestors animate our souls, and we will conquer. Let us to-day honor our fathers and to-morrow let us know how, like them, to seize on victory in facing death. *Vive la France! Vive la Republique!*

THE EXILE'S HOPE.

VICTOR HUGO.

YOU are wrung with grief, but you have courage and faith. You do well, my friends. Courage, then! Courage more than ever! As I have already said, it grows more evident, from day to day, that, at this instant, France and England have left to them but one path,

one outlet of safety — the emancipation of the peoples — the insurrection in mass of the prostrate nationalities — the Revolution! Sublime alternative! It is grand that safety has become identified with justice. It is in this that Providence breaks forth in splendor. Ay, have courage, more than ever! In the hour of utmost peril Danton exclaimed, "*Daring! daring! and yet more daring!*" In adversity we should cry out, "*Hope! hope! and still more hope!*" Friends and brothers! the great Republic, the democratic, social, and free Republic, will, ere long, blaze out in magnificence again; for it is the office of the empire to give it a new birth, as it is the office of the night to usher in the day. These men of tyranny and misery will disappear. Their time to stay is now counted by quick minutes. They are backing to the edge of the abyss, and we, who are already in the gulf, can see their heels that quiver already beyond the borders of the precipice. Oh, exiles! I call forth in testimony the hemlock the Socrates have drank; the Golgothas the Christs have climbed; the Jerichos the Joshuas have caused to crumble. I summon up in testimony the baths of blood taken by the Thraseas; the faggots whence John Huss, and those of this world like him, have cried, "the swan will yet be born!" I summon in testimony these seas that beat around us, and which the Columbuses have passed beyond; I call upon yonder stars which shine above us, and which the Galileos have questioned, to bear witness, exiles and brethren, that liberty can never die: she is immortal, and, exiles, Truth is eternal!

Progress is the very stride of God.

THE KING'S DIARY.

[July 14, 1789.]

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

"*RIEN*," he wrote, because it chanced that day
There was no hunt of fawn or stag or boar.
All else was nothing to the man who wore
The crown which once the brows of Hugh Capet
Had ached beneath, eight centuries away.
Since then what well-beloved and hated more
Had worn it lightly, or with anguish sore,
Some strong to rule and many but to slay!

"Nothing!" And, while he wrote the senseless word,
The tocsin rang in Paris; the human flood
Poured onward raging till it came where stood
The Bastille. Soon the foolish King had heard
How prone it lay. Behold his aimless wit:
He and his kingdom were as he had writ.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

EDMUND BURKE.

IT is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in — glittering

like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever!

PROCLAMATION TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

SOLDIERS, you have, in fifteen days, gained six victories, taken twenty standards, fifty pieces of cannon, numerous strongholds, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont; you have made fifteen thousand prisoners; and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men.

But, I must not dissemble with you; you have as yet done nothing, since there remains still much to be done. Neither Turin nor Milan are yours.

You were stripped of everything at the beginning of

the campaign; you are to-day abundantly provided. The magazines taken from our enemies are numerous. The artillery has arrived. The country has a right to expect great things of you. Will you justify its expectation? The greatest obstacles doubtless have already been surmounted; but you have yet battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to cross. Is there among you one whose courage begins to fail? Is there one who would prefer to return upon the summits of the Alps and Apennines to bear patiently the results of a slavish soldiery? No, there is none such among the victors of Montenotte, Millesimo, Diego, and Mondovi.

You are all fired with the wish to bear afar the glory of the French people; you all desire to humiliate those proud kings who dared to think of putting us in fetters; you all wish to dictate a glorious peace which shall indemnify France for the immense sacrifices she has made. You all wish, on going back to your village homes, to be able to say with pride: "*I was of the conquering army of Italy.*"

WATERLOO.

LORD BYRON.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell
  Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
    knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind
  Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
  No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
  To chase the glowing hours with flying feet:
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more
  As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before,
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
  And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
  Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
  And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
  Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
  The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
  And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
  And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;

And near the beat of the alarming drum
  Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They
    come! They come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
  Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
  The morn the marshalling in arm, — the day
  Battle's magnificently stern array!

NAPOLEON'S FINAL RETURN.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. ABRIDGED.

NAPOLEON! he hath come again — borne home
Upon the popular ebbing heart, — a sea
Which gathers its own wrecks perpetually,
Majestically moaning. Give him room! —
Room for the dead in Paris! welcome, solemn
And grave deep, 'neath the cannon-moulded column!

There, weapon spent and warrior spent may rest
From roar of fields, provided Jupiter
Dare trust Saturnus to lie down so near
His bolts! — And this he may: For, dispossessed
Of any godship, lies the god-like arm —
The goat, Jove sucked, as likely to do harm.

And yet . . . Napoleon! — the recovered name
Shakes the old casements of the world! and we

Look out upon the passing pageantry,
Attesting that the Dead makes good his claim
To a Gaul grave, — another kingdom won —
The last — of few spans — by Napoleon.

Blood fell like dew beneath his sunrise — sooth !
But glittered dew-like in the covenanted
And high-rayed light. He was a despot — granted !
But the αὐτος of his autocratic mouth
Said yea i' the people's French : he magnified
The image of the freedom he denied.

And if they asked for rights, he made reply,
" Ye have my glory ! " — and so, drawing round them
His ample purple, glorified and bound them
In an embrace that seemed identity.
He ruled them like a tyrant — true ! but none
Were ruled like slaves ! Each felt Napoleon !

I do not praise this man : the man was flawed
For Adam — much more, Christ ! — his knee, unbent —
His hand, unclean — his aspiration, pent
Within a sword-sweep — pshaw ! — but since he had
The genius to be loved, why let him have
The justice to be honored in his grave.

I think this nation's tears, poured thus together
Nobler than shouts : I think this funeral
Grander than crownings, though a Pope bless all,
I think this grave stronger than thrones : But whether
The crowned Napoleon or the buried clay
Be better, I discern not — Angels may.

THE GUILLOTINE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE new era began; the King was tried, doomed, and beheaded; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death declared for victory or death against the world in arms; the black flag waved night and day from the great tower of Notre Dame; three hundred thousand men, summoned to rise against the tyrants of the earth, rose from all the varying soils of France as if the dragon's teeth had been sown broadcast and had yielded fruit equally on hill and plain, on rock, in gravel, and in alluvial sand, under the bright sky of the South, and under the clouds of the North, in fell and forest, in the vineyards and the olive grounds, and among the cropped grass and the stubble of the corn, along the fruitful banks of the broad rivers and in the sand of the seashore. What private solicitude could rear itself against the deluge of the Year One of Liberty, — the deluge rising from below, not falling from above, and with the windows of heaven shut, not opened!

There was no pause, no pity, no peace, no interval of relenting rest, no measurement of time. Though days and nights circled as regularly as when time was young, and the evening and the morning were the first day, other count of time there was none. Hold of it was lost in the raging fever of a nation as it is in the fever of one patient. Now, breaking the unnatural silence of a whole city, the executioner showed the people the head of the King — and now, it seemed almost in the

same breath, the head of his fair wife which had had eight weary months of imprisoned widowhood and misery to turn it gray. . . .

Above all one hideous figure grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundation of the world, — the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine.

It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache; it infallibly prevented the hair from turning gray; it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion; it was the National Razor which shaved close. Who kissed La Guillotine looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It superseded the cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the cross was denied. . . . It hushed the eloquent, struck down the powerful, and abolished the beautiful and the good.

BONIVARD.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS. TRANSLATED AND ARRANGED BY THE EDITORS.

BONIVARD failed in his efforts to free Geneva. Carried to Chillon, he endured a frightful captivity bound round the waist by a chain whose other end was fastened to an iron ring attached to a pillar. Thus he remained for six years, knowing no liberty beyond the chain's length. Able to lie down only as the chain permitted;

turning round his pillar like a wild beast; wearing the pavement with his monotonous march, exasperated by the thought that his captivity was availing nothing for the enfranchisement of his country, and that Geneva and he himself were destined to eternal fetters. Why, in his long night broken by no dawn, whose silence was disturbed only by the sound of the waves of the lake breaking against the walls of his dungeon,—why, O my God! did not his mind kill his body, or his body his mind? Why did not his jailer find him some morning dead or an idiot, when one single idea, one eternal idea, must break the heart and vanquish the brain? And yet, during this time,—during six years, during this eternity,—not a cry, not a complaint, said his jailers, except doubtless when the skies let loose the tempest, when the storm raised the waves, when the wind and rain beat against the walls; for then his voice was lost in the great voice of nature: for then Thou alone, O my God! Thou alone couldst distinguish his cries and his groans; and his jailers who had not rejoiced in his despair, found him on the morrow calm and resigned, because the tempest was then stilled in his own heart as in Nature.

Oh, without that, without that would he not have broken his head against the pillar? Would he have awaited the day when there was a tumultuous rush into his prison and when a hundred voices at once shouted:

"Bonivard, thou art free!"

"And Geneva?"

"Free also!"

CHILLON.

LORD BYRON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind:
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor and altar, for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard! Let none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

CLEOPATRA AT ACTIUM.

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

THE banners of the world are met upon that wild blue wave,
The sun hath risen that shall set upon an emperor's grave,
From tongues of many a land bursts forth the war-shout to the breeze,
And half the crowns of all the earth are played for on the seas.

The ocean hath a tinge of blood — a sound of woe the air,
Death swims his pale steed through the flood — Oh, what doth woman there ?
The shout of nations in their strife rings far along the lea,
Then what doth Egypt's dark-eyed queen upon that battle sea ?

The Cydnus, hath it not the same bright wave and gentle flow
With which it stole to Tarsus, in those happy years ago,
When music haunted all the shores by which its waters rolled,
And she came down the river in her galley of the gold?

Her oars were of the silver then and to her purple sails
And in amid her raven hair, came only perfumed gales,
And Cupid trimmed the silken ropes along the Cedarn spars,
And she lay like a goddess on her pillow of the stars.
Oh, the old city! and alas, the young and blessed dream
That fell into her spirit first upon its silver stream!
The wild, sweet memories of that morn still o'er her feelings float,
And love has launched this battle-bark that steered that golden boat.

And she is yet, to one high heart, through all this cloud of war,
As in that city of the sea, its own and only star —

The cynosure that shines so bright, across the place of graves;
As first it rose upon his soul from o'er the Cydnus' waves.

Oh, love that is so bold to dare should be more strong to do!
Or what, Oh, what doth Egypt there with that soft, silken crew?
And she should have a firmer soul who treads the battle deck;
And passion when it fails to save is, Oh, too sure to wreck!

And hers is still the spendthrift heart that, when a wayward girl,
In passion's home to pleasure's bowl cast in a priceless pearl;
But Oh, her wealth of hoarded gems were all too poor to pay
The one rich pearl, in this wild hour, her fears have flung away.

The princely pearl to whom her brow, though dark seemed, Oh, how fair!
And crowns were only precious things, when in her raven hair;
Who paid her smiles with diadems — and bought at empire's cost
The love which he must lose to-day — when all beside is lost!

She hath risen like a queen! — a pause — a moment's pause! — and now
One word hath torn the golden badge from off her royal brow;
The prows are turned to Egypt, and the flying sails unfurled,
And the western breeze hath borne from him the fortunes of the world.

THE GLADIATORS.

EMILIO CASTELAR. ARRANGED.

THEY were born in the mountains, in the desert, among the caresses of Nature, breathing the pure air of the fields and of sacred liberty. War and war only has torn them from their country. Rome has fed them for the sake of their blood, — blood to be offered in sacrifice to the majesty of the Roman people. . . .

Already they lie in ambush; they search; they threaten and persist in the bloody strife. If any one, moved by terror for himself, or compassion for his opponent, draws back or seems to shrink, the master of the circus tortures him with a red-hot iron button on his naked shoulder. The crimson blood flows and smokes in the circus.

One man has slipped and fallen! The people shout, — they believe him dead! When he rises they hiss! He loses heart after vain and desperate efforts to keep on foot. Here a man falls, felled by a single wound

through the buckler. There another writhes in insupportable anguish.

Two are mortally wounded, but in falling, fling away their swords and embrace each other for support and help in the death agony. Mutilated limbs, torn intestines, groans of anguish; the death rattle of the dying; faces drawn and set; last sighs and lamentations; shrieks of rage and despair, — all this is a grand spectacle for the Roman people, who shout, clap their hands, become intoxicated, infuriated!

They follow the combat with keen anxiety; they strain their eyes from the sockets to see more of the slaughter; they open their lungs and nostrils to inhale the bloody vapor.

Who, who, can turn aside Rome's punishment? All her power, all her majesty, all her greatness have been destroyed for an idea!

Now emperors have died and prætors are dispersed, and the stones of the Coliseum have fallen and a new idea has replaced the ancient belief, converted the persecuted into persecutors, and attempted in its return to destroy new sects, to stifle new opinions. It has not been able, with all its excommunications, its inquisition, or its tortures, to grasp the immortal idea of the human spirit that shines eternally among gods and ruins, among those who die and those who suffer, among creeds and dogmas, perpetual as the sun in the choirs of the universe.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

ELIJAH KELLOGG.

IT had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrops on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be

three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus, — a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night, the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped and died; — the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in

adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body to burn it at a funeral pile and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees amid the dust and blood of the arena I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome, Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plated mail and links of brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as flowing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your tightened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood.

Hark, hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he will break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for them ye will be.

"If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men* — follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades, warriors, Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves. If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

CATILINE EXPELLED.

CICERO.

AT length, Romans, we are rid of Catiline! We have driven him forth, drunk with fury, breathing mischief, threatening to revisit us with fire and sword. He is gone; he is fled; he has escaped; he has broken away. No longer within the very walls of the city shall he plot her ruin. We have forced him from secret plots into open rebellion. The bad citizen is now the avowed traitor. His flight is the confession of his treason. Would that his attendants had not been so few! Be speedy, ye companions of his dissolute pleasures; be

speedy, and you may overtake him before night, on the Aurelian road. Let him not languish, deprived of your society! Haste to join the congenial crew that compose his army; *his* army, I say, — for who doubts that the army under Manlius expect Catiline for their leader? And such an army! Outcasts from honor, and fugitives from debt; gamblers and felons; miscreants, whose dreams are of rapine, murder, and conflagration!

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies; and first to that maimed and battered gladiator oppose your consuls and generals; next against that miserable outcast horde, lead forth the strength and flower of all Italy! On the one side chastity contends; on the other, wantonness: here purity, there pollution; here integrity, there treachery; here piety, there profaneness; here constancy, there rage; here honesty, there baseness; here continence, there lust; in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice; and, lastly, the contest lies between well-grounded hope and absolute despair. In such a conflict, were even human aid to fail, would not the immortal gods empower such conspicuous virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

CATILINE, ON HEARING HIS SENTENCE OF BANISHMENT.

GEORGE CROLY.

BANISHED from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!"—Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your consul's merciful. For this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.
"Traitor!" I go—but I return. This trial!—
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions. Look to your hearths, my lords;
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

ORATION ON THE CROWN.

DEMOSTHENES.

Two qualities, Athenians, an upright statesman should possess — and I thus speak as I am speaking of myself to avoid being invidious. When in power he should advocate a policy both honorable and lofty; and at all times and in all contingencies, he should be loyal to his country. This last quality is native to the heart, — power and strength depend on other things, — and this last you have always found abiding in me. Although hounded by these miscreants, who pursued me like wild beasts, never have I faltered in my allegiance to you. From the beginning, I chose unconditionally the straight and upright course in politics, — to uphold the honor, the power, the glory of my country, to increase them if I could, to live and have my being in them. When the stranger was successful, then did I not stalk about our public places rejoicing. Neither did I hear with a shadow of any success to the city, walking with downcast eyes and sorrowful face like these accursed men, who speak ill of and belittle Athens (as if, in so doing, they did not speak ill of and

belittle themselves), who look outside of their country, exulting in the success of the stranger and the misfortunes of Greece.

O ye Gods, let none of these things be approved by you! Rather inspire these men with better mind and counsels! But if they be incorrigible, destroy and utterly confound them. Good is as yet unrealized by any one; and your minds have not the strength to persevere in your resolution, now that a great reverse has taken you unawares. Anything which is sudden and unexpected and utterly beyond calculation; such a disaster, for instance, as this plague coming upon other misfortunes, enthralls the spirit of a man. Nevertheless, being the citizens of a great city and educated in a temper of greatness, you should not succumb to calamities, however overwhelming, or darken the lustre of your fame. For if men hate the presumption of those who claim a reputation to which they have no right, they equally condemn the faint-heartedness of those who fall below the glory which is their own. Lose, then, the sense of your private sorrows and lay hold of the common good!

GLORY OF ATHENS.

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF PERICLES. THUCYDIDES.

KNOW that our city has the greatest name in all the world because she has never yielded to misfortunes, but has sacrificed more lives and endured severer hard-

ships in war than any other; wherefore, also, she has the greatest power of any state up to this day; and the memory of her glory will always survive. Even if we should be compelled at last to abate somewhat of our greatness (for all things have their times of growth and decay), yet will the recollection live that, of all Hellenes, we ruled the greatest number of Hellenic subjects; that we withstood our enemies, whether single or united, in the most terrible wars, and that we were the inhabitants of a city endowed with every sort of wealth and greatness. The indolent may indeed find fault, but the man of action will seek to rival us, and he who is less fortunate will envy us. To be hateful and offensive has ever been at the time the fate of those who have aspired to empire. But he judges well who accepts unpopularity in a great cause. Hatred does not last long, and besides the immediate splendor of great actions, the renown of them endures forever in men's memories. Looking forward to such future glory and present avoidance of dishonor, make an effort now and secure both. Let no herald be sent to the Lacedæmonians, and do not let them know that you are depressed by your sufferings. For the greatest states and the greatest men, when misfortunes come, are the least depressed in spirits, the most resolute in action.

PHEIDIPPIDES.

χαίρετε, νικῶμεν.

ROBERT BROWNING.

FIRST I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!
Gods of my birthplace, demons and heroes, honor to all!
Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal in praise —
Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of the ægis and spear!
Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be your peer,
Now, henceforth, and forever, — O latest to whom I upraise
Hand and heart and voice! For Athens, leave pasture and flock!
Present to help, potent to save, Pan — patron I call!

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that speaks!
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!
Persia has come, we are here, where is She?" Your command I obeyed,
Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a fire runs through,
Was the space between city and city: two days, two nights did I burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.

Into their midst I broke: breath served but for "Persia has come!
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water, and earth;
Razed to the ground is Eretria — but Athens, shall Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die — the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the stander-by?
Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er destruction's brink?
How, — when? No care for my limbs! — there's lightning in all and some —
Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it birth!"

O my Athens — Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond?
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice, — each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!
Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses. I stood
Quivering, — the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch from dry wood:
"Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate?
Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Swing of thy spear? Phœbus and Artemis, clang them 'Ye must'!"
No bolt launched from Olympus! Lo, their answer at last!

"Has Persia come, — does Athens ask aid, — may Sparta befriend?
Nowise precipitate judgment — too weighty the issue at stake?
Count we no time lost time which lags through respect to the God's!
Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the odds
In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take
Full-circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to it fast:
Athens must wait, patient as we — who judgment suspend."

Athens, — except for that sparkle, — thy name, I had mouldered to ash!
That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was I back, —
Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the vile!
Yet "O Gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and plain,
Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them again,
"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid you erewhile?
Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too rash
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack:

"Oak and olive and bay, — I bid you cease to in-
wreathe
Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the Persian's
foot,
You that, our patrons were pledged, should never adorn
a slave!
Rather I hail thee, Parnes, — trust to thy wild waste
tract!
Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What matter if
slacked
My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to
cave
No deity deigns to drape with verdure, — at least I can
breathe,
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the
mute!"

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;
Gully and gap, I clambered and cleared, till, sudden,
bar
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the
way.
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fissure
across:
"Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night in the
fosse?
Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise!
No bridge
Better!" — when — ha! what was it I came on, of
wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he — majestical Pan!
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned his hoof:
All the great God was good in the eyes grave-kindly — the curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.
"Halt, Pheidippides!" — halt I did, my brain of a whirl:
"Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious began:
"How is it, — Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?

"Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast!
Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of old?
Ay, and still, and forever her friend! Put Pan to the test!
Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith
In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat-God saith:
When Persia — so much as strews not the soil — is cast in the sea,
Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and least,
Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free and the bold!'

"Say Pan saith: 'Let this, foreshowing the place, be the pledge!'"
(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear—
Fennel, whatever it bode—I grasped it a-tremble with dew.)
"While, as for thee . . ." But enough! He was gone. If I ran hitherto—
Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but flew.
Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the razor's edge!
Pan for Athens, Pan for me! myself have a guerdon rare!

Then spoke Miltiades. "And thee, best runner of Greece,
Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is promised thyself?
Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother demands of her son!"
Rosily blushed the youth: he paused: but, lifting at length
His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of his strength
Into the utterance—"Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou hast done
Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee release
From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!'

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my mind!
Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel may grow,—
Pound — Pan helping us — Persia to dust, and, under the deep,
Whelm her away forever; and then, — no Athens to save, —
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave,—
Hie to my house and home: and, when my children shall creep
Close to my knees, — recount how the God was awful yet kind,
Promised their sire reward to the full — rewarding him — so!"

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon day:
So, when Persia was dust, all cried "To Akropolis!
Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy due!
'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout!" He flung down his shield,
Ran like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the Fennel-field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through,
Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!" Like wine through clay,
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died — the bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of salute
Is still "Rejoice!"—his word which brought rejoicing indeed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever,—the noble strong man
Who could race like a God, bear the face of a God, whom a God loved so well.
He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was suffered to tell
Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he began,
So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:
"Athens is saved!"—Pheidippides dies in the shout for his meed.

ULYSSES.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

It little profits that an idle king
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I meet and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;

For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever as I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From the eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning with desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to the household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled and wrought and fought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks.
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the happy isles,
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

THE DEFIANCE OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

THE ILIAD. TRANSLATION OF ALEXANDER POPE.

THUS rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urged on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light;
Full in the blazing van great Hector shined,
Like Mars, commissioned to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield,
Like the broad sun, illumined all the field;
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flashed along,
Shot terrors round that withered even the strong.

Thus stalked he dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations feared; but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanced the first, and thus the chief defied:
"Hector! come on; thy empty threats forbear;
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear.
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled not by Troy, but heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts
To force our fleets: the Greeks have hands and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us smoking on the ground,
And spread a long, unmeasured ruin round.

The time shall come, when, chased along the plain,
Even thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Even thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame."
As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings, a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail with shouts his progress through the skies:
Far-echoing clamors bound from side to side.
They ceased; and thus the Chief of Troy replied:
"From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster, doomed to vaunt in vain.
So may the gods on Hector life bestow
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-eyed maid, or he that gilds the morn)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate;
That giant-corse extended on the shore,
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore."
He said: and like a lion stalked along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host: the Grecian train
With answering thunders filled the echoing plain;
A shout that tore heaven's concave, and, above,
Shook the fixed splendors of the throne of Jove.

SONG AND LAUGHTER.

A MINSTREL. CARPACCIO. VENICE.

SONG AND LAUGHTER.

THE MINSTREL.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

To the minstrel said the king,
  "Sing you mournful songs or glad?"
"Nay, sire, 'tis of life I sing;
  Gay to-day, to-morrow sad."

"Minstrel, tell us not of tears;
  Dulcet notes to joy belong."
"Nay, sire, he who sorrow fears,
  Will not hear the sweetest song."

THE POET'S SONG.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE rain had fallen; the poet arose;
  He passed by the town and out of the street;
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
  And waves of shadow went over the wheat,

And he sat him down in a lonely place,
  And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
  And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopped as he hunted the bee,
  The snake slipped under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
  And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
  But never a one so gay;
For he sings of what the world will be
  When the years have died away."

HUNTING-SONG.

WALTER SCOTT.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay!
On the mountain dawns the day;
  All the jolly chase is here
  With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling.
  Merrily, merrily mingle they;
  Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
The mist has left the mountain gray;
  Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
  Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,

And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green:
Now we come to chant our lay;
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
To the greensward haste away!
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay;
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Louder, louder chant the lay,
"Waken lords and ladies gay!"
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

THE GREENWOOD.

WILLIAM L. BOWLES.

OH, when 'tis summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,

And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green,—
Oh, then 'tis sweet,
In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together!

But when 'tis winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat,—
Oh, then 'tis sweet
To sit and sing
Of the friends with whom, in the days of spring,
We roamed through the greenwood together!

L'INCONNUE.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

MANY a beaming brow I've known,
And many a dazzling eye,
And I've listened to many a melting tone
In magic fleeting by;
And mine was never a heart of stone,
And yet my heart hath given to none
The tribute of a sigh;

For fancy's wild and witching mirth
Was dearer than aught I found on earth,
And the fairest forms I ever knew
Were far less fair than — *L'Inconnue.*

Many an eye that once was bright
  Is dark to-day in gloom;
Many a voice that once was light
  Is silent in the tomb;
Many a flower that once was dight
In beauty's most entrancing might
  Hath faded in its bloom;
But she is still as fair and gay
As if she had sprung to life to-day;
A ceaseless tone and a deathless hue
Wild fancy hath given to — *L'Inconnue.*

Many an eye of piercing jet
  Hath only gleamed to grieve me,
Many a fairy form I've met,
  But none have wept to leave me;
When all forsake and all forget,
One pleasant dream shall haunt me yet,
  One hope shall not deceive me;
For oh! when all beside is past,
Fancy is found our friend at last,
And the faith is firm and the love is true
Which are vowed by the lips of — *L'Inconnue.*

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

FAREWELL; BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

THOMAS MOORE.

FAREWELL; but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the bright song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return; not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain!
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you;

And still, on the evening when pleasure fills up
To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles;
Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here."

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy!
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TEARS, idle tears! I know not what they mean;
Tears, from the depths of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world;

Sad as the last that reddens over one,
That sinks with all we love below the verge:
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns,
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O Death in Life! the days that are no more!

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER.

JACOBITE SONG. ANONYMOUS.

"WHAT'S a' the steer, Kimmer,
What's a' the steer?"
Charlie, he is landed,
And faith he'll soon be here;
The win' was at his back, Carle,
The win' was at his back;
I carena' sin' he's come, Carle,
We were na' worth a plack.

I'm right glad to hear't, Kimmer,
I'm right glad to hear't;

I ha' a gude, braid claymore,
  And for his sake I'll wear't.
Sin' Charlie he is landed,
  We ha' nae mair to fear,
Sin' Charlie he is come, Kimmer,
  We'll ha' a jub'lee year.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

ANONYMOUS.

In good King Charles's golden days,
  When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high church-man was I,
  And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed
  Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those who dare resist
  Or touch the Lord's anointed.

When royal James possessed the crown,
  And popery grew in fashion,
The papal laws I hooted down,
  And read the declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
  Full well my constitution,
And I had been a Jesuit
  But for the Revolution.

When William was our King declared
  To ease the nation's grievance,

With this new wind about I steered
  And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke
  Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
  A jest was non-resistance.

When royal Anne became our Queen,
  The Church-of-England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
  And I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base,
  I blamed their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was
  By such prevarication.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
  And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
  And so became a Whig, sir.
And thus preferment I procured
  From our new faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
  The Pope — and the Pretender.

The illustrious House of Hanover
  And Protestant succession
To these I do allegiance swear,
  While they can keep possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
  I never more will falter,

And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.

Chorus.

And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day sir:
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir!

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's war-like son;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire. —
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seat above —
Such is the power of mighty love! —
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world!

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
"A present deity!" they shout around;
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres!
The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young!
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets! beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath! — he comes! he comes!
Bacchus ever fair and young

Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain!
Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes!
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sang Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate
And weltering in his blood.
Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below:
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred strain to move;
For pity melts the soul to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble.
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee! —
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! — the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead;

And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy!
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage — or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added strength to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one:
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SWEET-AND-TWENTY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low;

Trip no further, pretty sweeting!
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
  Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
  What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty,—
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-Twenty;
  Youth's a stuff will not endure!

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

TELL me not, sweete, I am unkinde;
  That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste heart and quiet minde
  To war and arms I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,
  The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As thou too shalt adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
  Loved I not honor more.

TO CYNTHIA.

BEN JONSON.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
  Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
  State in wonted manner keep;
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
  Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
  Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
  And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
  Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

BOUNDING THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN FISKE.

AMONG the legends of our late Civil War there is a story of a dinner-party given by the Americans residing in Paris, at which were propounded sundry toasts,

concerning not so much the past and present as the expected glories of the great American nation. In the general character of these toasts geographical considerations were very prominent, and the principal fact which seemed to occupy the minds of the speakers was the unprecedented *bigness* of our country.

"Here's to the United States!" said the first speaker, — "bounded on the north by British America, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean!"

"But," said the second speaker, "this is far too limited a view of the subject, and in assigning our boundaries we must look to the great and glorious future which is prescribed for us by the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here's to the United States! — bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the rising, and on the west by the setting sun!"

Emphatic applause greeted the aspiring prophecy. But here arose the third speaker, — a very serious gentleman from the far West. "If we are going," said this truly patriotic American, "to lessen the historic past and present, and take our manifest destiny into account, why restrict ourselves within the narrow limits assigned by our fellow-countryman, who has just sat down? I give you the United States! — bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the precession of the Equinoxes, on the east by the primeval chaos, and on the west by the Day of Judgment!"

TOO LATE.

FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

"Ah si la jeunesse savait — si la vieillesse pouvait!"

THERE sat an old man on a rock,
  And unceasing bewailed him of Fate —
That concern where we all must take stock,
  Though our voice has no hearing or weight;
And the old man sang him an old, old song —
Never sang voice so clear and strong
That it could drown the old man's long;
  For he sang the song "Too late — too late!"

"When we want, we have for our pains
  The promise that if we wait
Till the want has burned out our brains,
  Every means shall be present to sate:
While we send for the napkin, the soup gets cold;
While the bonnet is trimming, the face grows old;
When we've matched our buttons, the pattern is sold;
  And everything comes too late — too late!

"When strawberries seemed like red heavens,
  Terrapin stew a wild dream,
When my brain was at sixes and sevens
  If my mother had folks and ice-cream,
Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger
At the restaurant man and fruit-monger:
But oh! how I wished I were younger
  When the goodies all came in a stream — in a stream!

"I've a splendid blood-horse and — a liver
  Which it jars into torture to trot;
My row-boat's the gem of the river —
  Gout makes every knuckle a knot!
I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,
But no palate for menus — no eyes for a dome:
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home
  When no home but an attic he'd got — he'd got.

"How I longed in that lonest of garrets
  Where the tiles baked my brains all July
For ground to grow two pecks of carrots,
  Two pigs of my own in a sty!
A rose-bush — a little thatched cottage —
Two spoons — love — a basin of pottage!
Now in freestone I sit — and my dotage —
  With a woman's chair empty close by — close by!

"Ah! now though I sit on a rock,
  I have shared one seat with the great;
I have sat — knowing naught of the clock
  On Love's high throne of state;
But the lips that kissed, and the arms that caressed,
To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,
And circled a heart that their clasp had blessed,
  Had they only not come too late — too late!"

HEROISM IN HOUSEKEEPING.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

So many talents are wasted, so many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spoiled for want of a little patience and endurance, for want of understanding and laying to heart the meaning of *The Present* — for want of recognizing that it is not the greatness or littleness of the duty nearest hand, but the spirit in which one does it, which makes one's doing noble or mean! I can't think how people who have any natural ambition, and any sense of power in them, escape going mad in a world like this, without the recognition of that. I know I was very near mad when I found it out for myself (as one has to find out for oneself everything that is to be of any real practical use to one).

Shall I tell you how it came into my head? Perhaps it may be of comfort to you in similar moments of fatigue and disgust. I had gone with my husband to live on a little estate of peat-bog, that had descended to me all the way down from John Welsh, the Covenanter, who married a daughter of John Knox. *That* didn't, I'm ashamed to say, make me feel Craigenputtock a whit less of a peat-bog and a most dreary, untoward place to live at. In fact, it was sixteen miles distant on every side from all the conveniences of life, shops, and even post-office. Further, we were very poor, and further and worst, being an only child, and brought up to great prospects, I was sublimely igno-

rant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar and very fair mathematician.

It behooved me in these astonishing circumstances to learn to sew. Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes, and were always losing buttons, and *I* was expected to "look to all that"; also it behooved me to learn to *cook!* no capable servant choosing to live at such an out-of-the-way place, and my husband having bad digestion, which complicated my difficulties dreadfully. The *bread*, above all, brought from Dumfries, "soured on his stomach" (O Heaven!), and it was plainly my duty as a Christian wife to bake at home.

So I sent for Cobbett's "Cottage Economy," and fell to work at a loaf of bread. But, knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert.

One o'clock struck! and then two!! and then three!!! And still I was sitting there in the midst of an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and degradation. That I, who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to do anything but cultivate my mind, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching *a loaf of bread*—which mightn't turn out bread after all!

Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself: "After all, in the sight of the upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing that one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource were the really admirable things of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman, living at Craigenputtock with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a bad one, all these qualities would have come out more fitly in a *good* loaf of bread!"

I cannot express what consolation this germ of an idea spread over my uncongenial life during the years we lived at that savage place, where my two immediate predecessors had gone mad, and a third had taken to drink.

LETTING IN LIGHT.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. EXTRACT.

DID you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges, — and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling

that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time"? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled, — turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like Lepine watches (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern live timekeepers to slide into it); black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, larvæ, perhaps, more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity!

But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them that enjoy the luxury of legs — and some of them have a good many — rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. *Next year* you will find the grass growing

tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.

The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes that are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty — Divinity taking outlines and color — light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings had not the stone been lifted.

SLEEP.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

BLESSINGS light on him who first invented sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak;

it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. In short, money that buys everything; balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the monarch, and the fool to the wise.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

THOMAS HOOD.

How hard, when those who do not wish to lend, thus lose, their books;
Are snared by anglers, — folks that fish with literary Hooks, —
Who call and take some favorite tome, but never read it through; —
They thus complete their set at home, by making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, nor could I save my "Bacon";
And then I saw my "Crabbe," at last, like Hamlet, backward go;
And, as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, which makes me thus a talker;
And once, when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a "Walker."

While studying, o'er the fire, one day, my "Hobbes" amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more than Bramah's patent worth,
And now my losses I deplore, without a "Home" on earth.
If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal;
For though I caught them stealing "Swift," as swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood elated;
But what is strange, my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.
My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the ravage;
And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 'twas mine to lose, — a "Savage."

Even "Glover" works I cannot put my frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote," my "Bunyan" has been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed; my "Taylor," too, must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see the "Hood" so
late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee," oh, where was
my "Leigh Hunt"?
I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickell"
touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle," — and surely
Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to
excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid," nor even use my
"Hughes";
My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away; I suffer from these shocks,
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray," there's gray
upon my locks;
I'm far from "Young," am growing pale; I see my
"Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my ail, 'tis "Burton," I
reply.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my
griefs divide;
For oh! they cured me of my "Burns," and eased my
"Akenside."
But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay," they have not left
me "Sterne."

TO A MUMMY.

HORACE SMITH.

AND thou hast walked about — how strange a story!
  In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago!
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
  And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! — for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
  Thou hast a tongue, — come — let us hear its tune!
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, mummy!
  Revisiting the glimpses of the moon, —
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features!

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
  To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame? —
Was Cheops, or Cephrenes architect
  Of either pyramid that bears his name? —
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer? —
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason — and forbidden,
  By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade:
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
  In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; — if so, my struggles
Are vain, — for priestcraft never owns its juggles!

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
  Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass, —
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat, —
  Or doffed thine own, to let Queen Dido pass, —
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch, at the great temple's dedication!

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
  Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled?
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
  Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled: —
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
  Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
  And the great deluge still had left it green!
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! — Incommunicative elf!
  Art sworn to secrecy? Then keep thy vows!
But, prithee, tell us something of thyself, —
  Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house: —
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen — what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
  We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations:

The Roman empire has begun and ended, —
  New worlds have risen, — we have lost old nations, —
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
  When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,
  O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis, —
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
  The nature of thy private life unfold!
A heart hath throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
  And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled: —
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! — Immortal of the dead!
  Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, — who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
  And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
  If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
  In living virtue, — that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

SNOBS.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. EXTRACTS.

I CAN bear it no longer — this diabolical invention of gentility which kills natural kindliness and honest friendship. Proper pride, indeed! Rank and precedence, forsooth! The table of ranks and degrees is a lie, and should be flung into the fire. Organize rank and precedence! That was well for masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward, some great marshal, and organize equality in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old court gold-sticks!

I am sick of *Court Circulars*. I loathe *haut-ton* intelligence. I believe such words as Fashionable, Exclusive, Aristocratic, and the like, to be wicked, unchristian epithets, that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A court system that sends men of genius to the second table I hold to be a Snobbish system. A society that sets up to be polite, and ignores Art and Letters, I hold to be a Snobbish society. You, who despise your neighbor, are a Snob; you, who forget your own friends, meanly, to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob; you, who are ashamed of your poverty and blush for your calling, are a Snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree or are proud of your wealth. To laugh at such is *Mr. Punch's* business. May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin, — never forgetting that if fun is good, truth is still better, and love best of all!

THE NEW GUIDES TO FAITH AND BELIEF.

ANONYMOUS. ABRIDGED.

OURS is a wise and earnest age, an age of thought and science,
To error, ignorance, and bliss we fairly bid defiance,
"Professors" everywhere abound, both in and out of colleges,
And all agog to cram our nobs with "isms" and with "ologies."

Philosophy, as you're aware, material and mental,
At one extreme is "Positive," at t'other "Transcendental,"
And each of us who in these days would speculate "en règle,"
If he can't run the rig with Comte, must take the tip from Hegel.

The fundamental problem which, debated now for ages,
Is still attacked and still unsolved by all our modern sages,
Is, if an effort I may make a simple form to throw it in,
Just what we know, and why we know, and what's the way we know it in.

We can't assume (so Comte affirms) a first or final cause,
Phenomena are all we know, their order and their laws,

While Hegel's modest formula, a single line to sum in,
Is "nothing is and nothing's not, but everything's becomin'."

"Development" is all the go, of course, with Herbert Spencer,
Who cares but little more than Comte about the "why" and "whence," Sir!
Appearances, he seems to think, do not exhaust totality,
But indicate that underneath there's some "Unknown Reality."

And Darwin, too, who leads the throng "in vulgum voces spargere,"
Maintains Humanity is naught except a big menagerie.
The progeny of tailless apes, sharp-eared but puggy-nosed,
Who nightly climbed their "family trees," and on the top reposed.

There's Carlyle, on the other hand, whose first and last concern it is
To preach up the "immensities" and muse on the "eternities";
But if one credits what he hears, the gist of all his brag is,
That "Erbwürst," rightly understood, is transcendental "Haggis."

Imaginative sparks, you know, electric currents kindle,
On Alpine heights or at Belfast, within the brain of Tyndall,

His late address, some people hold, is flowery, vague, and vapory,
And represents the "classic nude" when stripped of all its "Draper"-y.

Professor Huxley has essayed to bridge across the chasm,
'Twixt matter dead and matter quick by means of "protoplasm,"
And to his doctrine now subjoins the further "grand attraction"
That "consciousness" in man and brute is simply "reflex action."

Then Stanley Jevons *will* contend, in words stout and emphatical,
The proper mode to treat all things is purely mathematical!
Since we as individual men, communities, and nations,
Are clearly angles, lines, and squares, cubes, circles, and equations.

George Henry Lewes, I'm informed, had "gone off quite hysterical"
About that feeble, foolish thing the "theory Metempirical";
And only found relief, 'tis said, from nervous throes and spasms,
By banging straight at Huxley's head a brace of brand-new "plasms."

Such are the philosophic views I've ventured now to versify,
And, if I may invent the term, in some degree to "tersify."
Among them all, I'm bold to say, fair room for choice you'll find,
And if you don't, why then you won't, and I, for one, sha'n't mind.

A COLD IN THE HEAD.

CHARLES LAMB.

DID you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot and my excuse. My fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it is three and twenty furlongs from here to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say; no thing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge Park's wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an 0; I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world; life is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me. 'Tis twelve o'clock, and Thurtell is just

now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality; yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, "Will it?" I have not volition enough left to dot my *i*'s, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again; my skull is a Grub Street attic, to let — not so much as a joint-stool or a cracked pitcher left in it; my hand writes, not I, from habit, as chickens run about a little when their heads are off. Oh, for a vigorous fit of gout, colic, toothache, — an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs! Pain is life — the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold, — a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities; but they all only seem to make me worse, instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

COLUMBUS CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

How in Heaven's name did Columbus get over,
  Is a pure wonder to me, I protest, —
Cabot and Raleigh too, that well-read rover,
  Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest:
    Bad enough all the same,
    For them that after came;
    But, in great Heaven's name,
    How he should ever think
    That, on the other brink
Of this wild waste, Terra Firma should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man ever should hope to get thither,
  E'en if he knew there was another side!
But to suppose he should come anywhither,
  Sailing straight on into chaos untried,
    In spite of the motion,
    Across the whole ocean,
    To stick to the notion
    That in some nook or bend
    Of a sea without end,
He should find North and South America,
Was a pure madness, indeed, I must say.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
  Judged that the earth, like an orange, was round;
None of them ever said, Come along, follow me,
  Sail to the West, and the East will be found.

Many a day before
Ever they'd come ashore,
Sadder and wiser men,
They'd have turned back again;
And that *he* did not, and did cross the sea,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

MRS. MALAPROP'S IDEA OF EDUCATION.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Sir Anthony Absolute. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Malaprop. Observe me, Sir Anthony, I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning — neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of contagious countries. But above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise

that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know, — and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

TO MY EMPTY PURSE.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight
  Complain I, for ye be my lady dere;
I am sorry now that ye be light
  For, Certes, ye now make me heavy chere;
  Me were as lefe be laid upon a bere,
For which unto your mercy thus I crie,
Be heavy againe, or else mote I die.

Now vouchesafe this day or be it night
  That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or see your color like the sunne bright
  That of yellowness had never pere;
  Ye are my life, ye be my hertes stere,
Queen of comfort and of good companie
Be heavy againe or else mote I die.

Now purse thou art to me my lives light,
  And Saviour as downe in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might
  Sith that you will not be my treasure,
  For I am slave as nere as any frere,
But I pray unto your courtesie
Be heavy again or else mote I die.

HOLIDAYS AND HOLY DAYS.

SISTINE MADONNA. RAPHAEL. DRESDEN.

HOLIDAYS AND HOLY DAYS.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. EXTRACT.

IN vain men tell us time can alter
Old loves or make old memories falter,
  That with the old year the old year's life closes.
The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers,
The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,
  The old summer rears the new-born roses.

Much more a Muse that bears upon her
Raiment and wreath and flower of honor,
  Gathered long since and long since woven,
Fades not or falls as fall the vernal
Blossoms that bear no fruit eternal,
  By summer or winter charred or cloven

No time casts down, no time upraises,
Such loves, such memories, and such praises,
  As need no grace of sun or shower,
No saving screen from frost or thunder,
To tend and house around and under
  The imperishable and peerless flower.

Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,
Outlive men's lives and lives of nations,
  Dead, but for one thing which survives —
The inalienable and unpriced treasure,
The old joy of power, the old pride of pleasure,
  That lives in light above men's lives.

A NEW YEAR'S DREAM.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER. EXTRACT.

AN old man stood in the New Year's night at the window, and gazed with a look of despair out over the still, pure, white earth, whereupon there was none so joyless as himself. The fair days of his youth wandered about him like ghosts, and they bore him back again to that clear morning when his father first placed him at the cross-road of life.

Knowing not what he did, and with unspeakable grief, he cried out to Heaven, "Give me my youth once more, O father, place me once more upon the cross-road, that I may choose otherwise!"

But his father and his youth were long gone. He saw wandering lights dancing on the marshes, and dying out upon *God's acre*, and he said, "These are my sinful days!" He saw a star fly out from heaven to glimmer in its fall, and to be extinguished on the earth. "That is I," said his bleeding heart.

Suddenly, in the midst of this tumult, music for the New Year flowed down from the tower, like distant

church music. He was deeply moved. He looked around the horizon and over the wide earth, and thought of his youthful friends, who now, happier and better than he, were teachers of the world, and he said, "Oh, I also could be happy, dear father, had I fulfilled your New Year's wishes!" He softly sighed, hopeless and unconscious, "Come again, O youth, come again!"

It came again; for on that New Year's night he had only dreamed thus fearfully. He was still a youth; yet his errors had been no dream. But he thanked God that he, still young, might turn aside from the foul ways of vice and could follow the sunny path which led to the fair land of harvests. Turn aside with him, youth, if thou standest in his wandering way. This frightful dream will in future be thy judge but if thou shalt one day call out, full of grief, "Come again, O beautiful youth," it shall never return.

ST. AGNES'S EVE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

DEEP on the convent roof the snows
  Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:
  May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent towers
  Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours,
  That lead me to my Lord!

Make thou my spirit pure and clear,
  As are these frosty skies,
Or this first snow-drop of the year,
  That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
  To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark
  To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
  My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am
  To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord, and far
  Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star
  In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
  The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
  And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
  Roll back, and far within
For me the heavenly bridegroom waits
  To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbath of Eternity,
  One Sabbath deep and wide —
A light upon the shining sea —
  The bridegroom with his bride!

COMPARISON OF WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

SELECTION FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. CHATEAUBRIAND.
TRANSLATED AND ARRANGED BY THE EDITORS.

WASHINGTON was not, like Bonaparte, of a race which surpasses the stature of humanity. He was not placed in a vast theatre. He was not pitted against the most skilful generals and the mightiest monarchs of his age. He did not rush from Memphis to Vienna, from Cadiz to Moscow. He defended himself with a handful of fellow-citizens in an unhistoric land, in a narrow circle of domestic fire-sides. He did not fight battles which recalled the triumphs of Arbela and Pharsalia. He did not overturn thrones to construct others from their ruins. He did not send word to kings waiting at his door that

"They came too often and Attila was weary."

Something of reserve and repose surrounds the movements of Washington. He acted with deliberation. It is as if he felt himself charged with the liberty of the future and feared to compromise its interests. It was not his own destiny that weighed upon this hero—it was the destiny of his country. He did not allow himself to trifle with what was not his. But from this deep humility what a light breaks forth! Seek the forests where shone the sword of Washington. What do you find? A place of tombs? No, a world! Washington has left the United States as a trophy on his battle-field.

The Republic of Washington endures. The Empire of Bonaparte has perished. Washington and Bonaparte both sprang from the bosom of Democracy. Both were sons of Liberty. The one was faithful to her. The other betrayed her.

COMPARISON OF GEORGE WASHINGTON WITH GEORGE THE FOURTH, CALLED THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE.

SELECTION FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. ARRANGED.

THE year 1784 was remarkable in the life of our friend the First Gentleman of Europe. Do you not know that he was twenty-one in that year, and opened Carlton House with a grand ball to the nobility and gentry, and doubtless wore that lovely pink coat which we have described? . . .

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the very same month and year, March, 1784, is an account of another festival in which another great gentleman of English extraction is represented as taking a principal share: —

"According to order, His Excellency, the Commander-in-chief, was admitted to a public audience of Congress; and, being seated, the President, after a pause, informed him that the United States assembled were ready to receive his communication. Whereupon he arose, and spoke as follows: —

"'Mr. President: The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I

present myself before Congress to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"'Happy in the confirmation of an independence and sovereignty, I resign the appointment I accepted with diffidence; which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the nation, and the patronage of heaven. I close this last act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping. Having finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of the employments of my public life.' To which the President replied: —

"'Sir: Having defended the standard of liberty in the new world, having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict and those who feel oppression, you retire with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, though the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command, but will descend to remotest ages.'"

Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed, — the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington? Which is the noble character for after ages to admire, — yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honor, a purity

unreproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory? Which of these is the true gentleman? What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims; to lead a pure life; to keep your honor virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be.

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

SELECTION FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

AMONG the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the fourteenth day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary, as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time.

On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of

the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence, one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver, is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected.

All I dare hope is, that if in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country, with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin:
And that's to keep thy Lent.

GOOD FRIDAY.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

I FOR thy sake was pierced with heavy sorrow,
And bore the cross,

Yet heeded not the sharpness of the arrow,
  Nor shame and loss.
So faint not thou, whate'er the burden be,
But bear it bravely even to Calvary.

AN EASTER HYMN.

THOMAS BLACKBURN.

AWAKE, thou wintry earth,
  Fling off thy sadness!
Fair, vernal flowers, laugh forth
  Your ancient gladness!
        Christ is risen!

Wave, woods, your blossoms all,
  Grim Death is dead!
Ye weeping, funeral trees,
  Lift up your head!
        Christ is risen!

Come, see! the graves are green:
  It is light: let us go
Where our loved ones rest
  In hope below!
        Christ is risen!

All is fresh and new,
  Full of Spring and light:
Wintry heart, why wear'st the hue
  Of sleep and night?
        Christ is risen!

Leave thy cares beneath,
  Leave thy worldly love!
Begin the better life
  With God above!
    Christ is risen!

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,
    Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
    Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
    Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
    Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
    Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate;
    Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
    Is worn by the poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
    Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
    And kitchen's small.
A little buttery, and therein
    A little bin,

Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes these, and my beloved beet
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me for my bushel sown
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
The twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream for wine:

All these and better thou dost send
Me to this end, —
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine;
— But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by thee.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

OUR fathers rejected the holidays of the church. They did right; and we also do right in resuming them. In the momentous struggles for civil and religious liberty, the great festivals and pleasure-days were in the hands of the party that represented despotism. In the church and in the state rulers desired to withdraw public thought from the machinery of government. And so it has been the policy of the church to wreathe Maypoles, and to decorate wintry Christmas with scarlet berries and evergreen leaves. As oxen were led on festive occasions to slaughter in wreaths and ribbons, so were the people. Pleasure in exchange for liberty. Pleasure — not Justice — Pleasure, but no rights. This was that which led Pilgrim and Puritan to array themselves against pleasure. They did right. Innocent in itself, and indispensable as an element of public education and development, yet, as there are times

when we fast from necessary food for the sake of health, so there are times when men must fast from pleasure in order that it may be wrested from the hands of tyrants as an instrument of oppression. And this is what the Puritan did.

But after usages which once were fruitful of mischief have lain fallow for a long time, and manners and governments have changed, and new influences are dominant, then these old pleasures may be taken back again into cultivation, and bring forth large harvests of good.

Thanksgiving Day is the one national festival which turns on home life. It is not a day of ecclesiastical saints. It is not a national anniversary. It is not a day celebrating a religious event. It is a day of *nature*. It is a day of thanksgiving for the year's history. And it must pivot on the household. It is the one great festival of our American life that pivots on the household. Like a true Jewish festival it spreads a bounteous table; for the Jews knew how near to the stomach lay all the moral virtues.

A typical Thanksgiving dinner represents everything that has grown in all the summer fit to make glad the heart of man. It is not a riotous feast. It is a table piled high, among the group of rollicking young and the sober joy of the old, with the treasures of the growing year, accepted with rejoicings and interchange of many festivities as a token of gratitude to Almighty God.

Remember God's bounty in the year. String the

pearls of His favor. Hide the dark parts, except so far as they are breaking out in light! Give this one day to thanks, to joy, to gratitude!

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

JOHN MILTON.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
  All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe of him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
  With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air,
  To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
  The saintly veil of maiden-white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
  She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer had often warned them thence:
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
  The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
  The new-enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
  Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
  Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
  As never was by mortal fingers strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
  As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
  Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,

Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
  And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
  That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed;
The helmèd cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
  Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.

Such music as 'tis said
Before was never made,
  But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
  And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
  If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
  And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;

And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
  Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
  And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
  Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
  With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so;
  The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
  So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
    deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
  While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
  Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

Aud then at last our bliss,
Full and perfect is,
  But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon, underground,
In straiter limits bound,
  Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
  Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
  With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
  A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;

From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
  The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
  The Lars and Lemures mourn with midnight plaint.
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
  Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim
  With that twice-battered God of Pálestine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth
Heaven's queen and mother both,
  Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyac Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
  His burning idol all of blackest hue:
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
  In dismal dance about the furnace blue:

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
  Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
  Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
  The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
  Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
  Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
  Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest;
  Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
  Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

CHRISTMAS-BELLS.

ALFRED TENNYSON. EXTRACT.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
  The flying cloud, the frosty light:
  The year is dying in the night —
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new —
  Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
  The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
  For those that here we see no more;
  Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
  And ancient forms of party strife;
  Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
  The faithless coldness of the times;
  Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
  The civic slander and the spite;
  Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
  Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
  Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
  The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
  Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be!

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune
  To-night beneath my cottage eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
  The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
  Had sunk to rest, with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
  Nor check the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened — till was paid
  Respect to every inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played,
  In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
  Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear, and sink again to sleep!
  Or, at an earlier call, to mark
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,— the grave disguise
  Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
  For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Hail ancient Manners! sure defence,
  Where they survive, of wholesome laws;

Remnants of love whose modest sense
  Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

ALFRED TENNYSON. EXTRACT.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ;
  The moon is hid — the night is still;
  The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
  From far and near, on mead and moor,
  Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
  That now dilate and now decrease,
  Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good-will to all mankind.

Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
  Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
  O Father! touch the east, and light
The light that shone when hope was born!

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

BEHOLD a silly, tender Babe,
  In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies;
  Alas! a piteous sight.

The inns are full; no man will yield
  This little Pilgrim bed;
But forced he is with silly beasts
  In crib to shroud his head.

Despise him not for lying there;
  First what he is inquire:
An Orient pearl is often found
  In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,
  Nor beasts that by him feed;
Weigh not his mother's poor attire,
  Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's court,
  The crib his chair of state;
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
  The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire
  His loyal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from heaven:
  This pomp is praisèd there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight!
  Do homage to thy King;
And highly praise this humble pomp,
  Which he from heaven doth bring.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

CALM on the listening ear of night
  Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
  Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
  Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
  Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
  Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
  The day-spring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
  There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
  Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" The lofty strain
  The realm of ether fills:
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
  O'er Judah's sacred hills!

"Glory to God!" The sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn;
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple-spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its Orient fires.

This day shall Christian lips be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay, —
"Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.

The baron beheld, with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride;
While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
The star of that goodly company.
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried,
"Here, tarry a moment, I'll hide — I'll hide!
And, Lovel, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan;
And young Lovel cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her, in vain, till a week passed away;
In the highest — the lowest — the loneliest spot,
Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not.
And the years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovel appeared the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride!"
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

At length an old chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle — they raised the lid —
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.

Oh! sad was her fate — in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in that old oak chest:
It closed with a spring — and her bridal bloom
Was withered to dust in that old oak tomb!
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

CHRISTMAS AT FEZZIWIG'S WAREHOUSE.

CHARLES DICKENS. ARRANGED.

"Yo ho! my boys," said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night; Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson. . . ."

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Cheer up, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk and made an orchestra of it and tuned

like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the three Misses Fezziwig, beaming and lovable. In came the six followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid with her cousin the baker. In came the cook with her brother's particular friend the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master, trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping, old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them.

When this result was brought about the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who would dance and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been thrice as many—Oh, four times as many—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the

term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted at any given time what would become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire; both hands to your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut" — cut so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven the domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually, as he or she went out, wished him or her a MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE END OF THE PLAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE play is done — the curtain drops,
  Slow-falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
  And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
  And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes his mask,
  A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
  Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
  As fits the merry Christmas time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts
  That fate erelong shall bid you play;
Good-night! — with honest, gentle hearts
  A kindly greeting go alway!

Good-night! — I'd say the griefs, the joys,
  Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
  Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
  Your hopes more vain than those of men,
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
  At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive,
  Not less nor more as men than boys,
With grizzled beards at forty-five
  As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
  We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
  May never wholly pass away.

And in the world as in the school
  I'd say how fate may change and shift,
The prize be sometimes to the fool,
  The race not always to the swift:

The strong may yield, the good may fall,
  The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
  The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
  Blessèd be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
  Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
  That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
  That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit, —
  Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
  Or hunger hopeless at the gate!
Who bade the mud from Dives's wheel
  To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
  Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
  Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
  And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! — whatever fate be sent,
  Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
  And whitened with the winter snow!

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
  Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
  And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize,
  Go, lose or conquer, as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman!

A gentleman, or old or young!
  (Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
  Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead, —
  The joyful angels raised it then:
"Glory to Heaven on high," it said,
  "And peace on earth to gentle men!"

My song, save this, is little worth;
  I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
  As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
  Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth
  To men of gentle will!

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